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DECEMBER 13, 1976

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The Big Report: Even during the last few scandal-plagued elections, few would have imagined two Crown corporations as involved in international payoffs. After last week's wins in Uganda, Kevin Doyle and William Lawrence explore the "secret society" of the international wheeler-dealers, people like the shadowy Ronald Eshenberg.

Page 20.

Fool round for diversion: Of all the scandals in the sun, Jamaica today seems the most likely to explode. On the eve of a general election, unemployment is above 35%—violence has exploded in the coal miners' strike—and Kevin Doyle discovered one perception of the election is that it is less a choice between two parties as between Carronair and the CIA.

Page 44.

A woman for all seasons: After days in the life of Sophia Loren as the poor sheet her business—making a movie, her illness, in Montreal, Walter Husley Steward adds a new paragraph to the Loren legend, describing her as perhaps the tallest actress in the world, and that recording her voice when charged sex drives for a movie service model at the Rio-Carlton.

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All the world's a kitchen: I asked to do up a list of things Canada excelled at or in, few of us would include cooking. But the fact is that, in French Feb., a nation of 36 cities from coast to coast placed second in the World Culinary Olympics—and, more important, they beat the French at their own dish: their own cuisine.

Page 26.

You've had your checkup and everything else, right? Don't be too smug: It may be, as Dr. Janice Pappas points out, that the annual physical is personally constituted makes no difference whatever in terms of being sick or well in living or dying. The Egans seem to prove it.

Page 74.

Bless the books and children: Some Christmas gifts are historic, unique, no change of wardrobe, and never ever worn out. Marilyn Powell has compiled for Maclean's readers a list of such gifts—books some bizarre fancies, some cultish, some ridiculous, all appropriate.

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Interview

With Ivan Illich

Ivan Illich was born in Vienna in 1926. His father was Bohemian; his mother a Spanish Jew. He grew up in Europe, and at the end of World War II attended the universities of Florence, Rome and Salzburg, obtaining degrees in history, philosophy and theology. An exceptional linguist, he speaks 12 common languages. In 1950 Illich went to New York, where he served as a parson priest in an Immaculate Heart of Mary parish. In 1958 he was appointed vice-chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico. He resigned from that post five years later, and in 1960 helped launch a movement that eventually became CIDOC, the Centre of Interdisciplinary Documentation at Cuernavaca, Mexico.

In 1968 Illich began publishing a series of books that have won wide notice: republished as an accessible industrial institution. His attacks have been concentrated on education, transportation and medicine. *Civilization or Assassination* appeared in 1969. It was followed by *Deschooling Society* (1971), *Tools For Conviviality* (1973), *Energy And Equity* (1973) and *Losses To Medicine* (1981). His books are works of impeccable scholarship, the products of a remarkable analytical mind. Illich holds a mirror up to an ugly age that he regards as bent on self-destruction. He has been called a prophet but the prophet's message does not sit comfortably on his shoulders. "I speak of the past and of the present, not of the future," he says. He is not a pessimist nor is he a revolutionary—though the implications of his work are revolutionary. Illich has been accused of being a severe, elegant, provocative, prescriptive, but on the occasion of this interview he seemed the reverse. He sat in his green armchair, face of a scholar. But there is in his warmth of interest his courage, his willingness to offend patients. He is slightly very intense. His intellectual stance is complemented by what can only be described as a moral resilience. He spoke to *Free-Lance* journalist Hubert de Santosa who remarked afterward that it is impossible not to be uplifted by being in the presence of Ivan Illich.



THE MORE GENEROUS 'MISSIONARIES' ARE IN THE THIRD WORLD THE MORE DANGEROUS

Somebody has pointed out, there are only two doctor-producing agents known namely the mothers of doctors and medical schools. But in fact the term *surgeon* was used originally, for much more than half a century, by German doctors mostly for those diseases for which the doctor is the pathogen. More precisely those diseases for which either doctor or remedy—whether today it is increasingly so the hospital—is the pathogen; that is the sick-mak-

er. So the primary effect is, will be more profound. And it is in reference to these unwanted side effects of phenomena of surgical interventions, of radiological interventions that intragroup disease in the harvested sector has been applied.

Martinis: In the years of breakdowns of prevention of the turn to include *client*, *cost* and *cultural* infidelities. Let's talk about some of these now. *Assassination*, beginning with clinical arrangements.

Illich: I rephrase clinical intragroupness the inevitable unwanted side effects of most powerful treatments or interventions which are foreseen and excepted by the factor, those which are not foreseen, either because of his negligence or because of his ignorance or because of a lack of sufficient experience in such treatments. That is a second category. Third, I would there also think about results from wrong judgments systems breakdowns. Lack of communication between patient and doctor, mix-up of information in the treatment establishment.

Martinis: Give me a concrete example.

Illich: A woman friend of mine is just at this moment writing a very important book on photography. Her doctor had informed her that he intended to take off her breast. She went for a final checkup to the best American radiological diagnostician, a woman doctor. Just for security. And that woman doctor took out her X-rays and put them up on the screen, where were the different photos of her breast. And she said to her: "Mrs. So-and-so, I don't see any reason for you to have this operation. There's a slight shadow there, the operation is known to fluctuate for the day after tomorrow, but I have already telephoned your doctor to tell it off. Look at it at the evening there is basically anything for you to worry about now." Let's review it after a while."

Martinis: And when was your friend's operation?

Illich: Now. A normal person would not have been granted this request. My friend said: "I'm working on a book on photography. For this reason I've particularly started in using how one can look into one's own body with radiography. May I look at these pictures?" And somewhat reluctantly the doctor agreed. And when my friend looked at the X-rays, she said, "But, doctor, the name on these pictures is very similar to mine, but it is not me!"

Martinis: Are there many similar cases like this documented?

Illich: I can tell you so in scale in the most responsible of all U.S. medical journals

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Christmas '76. Picture it.



that deals apologetically with the kind of mix-ups in X-ray plates. For this purpose you need a very wide base. You need hundreds of mix-ups in order to analyze them statistically.

MacLean's: That implies that there have been thousands of mix-ups in hospitals?

Hicks: That's true. In almost all countries hundreds, if not more than thousand, incidents of mix-ups in clinical laboratories, therefore, most of what is done in hospitals I have spoken there many years ago with a team of young doctors at the largest hospital in the United States, Cook County Hospital in Chicago. In the estimate of these doctors, four-fifths of all treatment for food-poisoning, angina-pectoris and indigestion are required because of mix-ups or errors against the organism that were caused in the hospital rather than outside the hospital. That is, it is four-fifths more probable that you are treated for a wound that was self-inflicted than for one rather than caused by your wife's kitchen knife. Or that you were treated for a burn that originated with a machine in the hospital than by a kitchen stove. Or that you are treated for poisoning induced by alcohol rather than poisoning induced by ingesting a toxic substance at home. Clinical laboratories constitute a very important form of damage to health, but it is dwarfed by what I call medical negligence.

MacLean's: How would you define medical negligence?

Hicks: By medical negligence I mean the health-damaging effect of a professional monopoly over health-care.

MacLean's: Please explain the term "professional monopoly."

Hicks: Professions are just like firms that the control by workers can take. People with specialized occupations tend to seek control over the work they do. Soldiers of fortification build a castle to keep off a prince who wouldn't allow them in. Medieval guilds of stone-masons determined what tools an apprentice had to go through before he was allowed to allow fellow stonemasons. Unless at least in capitalist countries, have some say on who shall work under whom conditions and for what pay. What all these trade associations have in common is that they establish conditions under which work should be done.

MacLean's: It seems to me that in order for a person to be a professional he needs to be reasonably well educated, to be well disciplined, to be able to distinguish between his profession and the engineers. Doctor, how learned the knowledge between the two?

Hicks: The doctor because a professional when prescribing medicine becomes a god-thematically gods, and bleeding was left to a butcher hand-cutting a万里 (万里) tooth extraction to the tooth-puller, delivery to the midwife, and midwives to the pharmacist. The doctor charged from a midwife to a liberal professional.

MacLean's: What do you mean by "liberal professional?"

Hicks: A liberal professional is he who interprets needs to a person who comes to seek

for help. Instead of preserving individual needs in a person, the professional organization as such acquired the need of defining what society needs. The liberal professional is now reduced into a second professional! The prescribing doctor or adviser instead of social engineer—a avoiding necessity of cooperation with other people's needs. And here this happened. Medicine acquired a new power to prescribe national health care.

MacLean's: How would you say medical monopoly?

Hicks: To sum it up I would call social engineering the destruction in the environment

caption in China are now at least as centralized as in the United States.
MacLean's: Is it equally true of the Russian socialist system?

Hicks: The Russian system is substantially the same. Notwithstanding their manner of running private medical practice hospitals in Eastern Europe, you can argue that the centralized health of the Russian system have been better implemented in England than in Russia.

MacLean's: Let's move away from medicine now, to about other subjects with which you have been conversing just writing. May I begin with compensation? You believe that the volume and intensity of traffic represent a disease in society?

Hicks: It can be shown—and I have done this in my book *Energy And Equity*—that whenever in a society vehicles with top speeds above 20 mph are used for traffic... road accessibility will decline. People will spend more and more time involved by traffic and, as a consequence, will spend more time than has life time on earth while they do. In other words, as vehicles in a society move beyond 20 mph and then in dependence from terrain and geographical conditions, the will move to distances for everybody by changing little motor patterns and will overcome them preferentially only for a few. You can accomplish differently. Vehicles that run above 20 mph are voluntarily instruments for the next transfer of power and guidance from a majority, to a minority.

MacLean's: But surely 20 mph is hardly a realistic figure for a man in modern industrial society to comprehend?

Hicks: Twenty mph is just so low that the person who is born into a car culture cannot conceive of it as the morally critical threshold in the acceleration of vehicles. A study that was done in Mexico shows that 99% of all Mexicans in two typical states never, in the year of the study, even moved over a distance of 20 miles in less than one hour. Therefore that speed has a broad range of social values. Too low to be taken seriously by high school graduate, too much too high to be meaningful for traditional car drivers.

MacLean's: You obviously feel very strongly about the threat of high speed, not only to human life and health, but to...

Hicks: Humanity! It becomes a religious cause which goes a long for the sake of affirmation, of efficacy—which is really the more degrading form of protection.

MacLean's: You have written and spoken eloquently about the problems that affect medicine, over-centralized medicine. Do you think those problems can be resolved in political terms?

Hicks: I see the whole thing as a political issue, or, more precisely, as an issue of re-politization.

MacLean's: Can legislation really provide answers to problems of such magnitude? And where are we to find legislators enlightened enough to recognize and deal with the crisis you have described?



YOU ARE FOUR TIMES MORE LIKELY TO BE INJURED IN A HOSPITAL THAN OUTSIDE ONE

most of conditions for health care, that is, a result of professional monopoly over health care.

MacLean's: Could you give a comprehensive overview of the medical system of other countries? Is your judgment is the Canadian medical system more efficient than that of North America?

Hicks: This is a less health-damaging at this moment certainly. One reason for this is because much less money is spent. But no doubt something extra ordinary happened between 1968 and 1971, when the definition of what constitutes disease and the judgment of who is sick became looks the condition itself assumed. That is, defining when constitutes disease used to be a professional task, and it became a political and government task. But that has been reversed again very strongly since 1971, and in fact if we see now the distinction over concepts and methods used in health per-



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MacLean: I don't mean on line, but *face to face*. I just do not know where else to look. Therefore I'd rather stick with the legal perspective on speaking about the possible political situation than with any other. There has been over the last two generations a consistent pragmatism in the courts, governments, and in the legislative chambers to let experts tell the judge or the law maker how rights ought to be defined for people. And what has happened is as a consequence in that rights were defined in that which is profitable for professionals and experts to produce.

MacLean: Is that a common characteristic of negotiator societies?

Hicks: That is a process which has gone on just to switch to socialist in so-called capitalist societies. New rights and liberties are in a fundamental condition in every society. In every society, basically, in order to exercise your liberties you in certain cases on certain basic rights. But rights are not satisfactory if they are so defined that they crash history.

MacLean: How did you come to teach as representative of your own nation?

Hicks: I'll tell you what brought it about. From 1950 to 1955 I worked in a shop in New York. And then in 1956 I was asked suddenly to take over the vice chairmanship of the University of Puerto Rico. Basically they needed somebody neither Puerto Rican nor American with profound acquaintance of Puerto Rico in New York and considerable knowledge of the island of Puerto Rico. And once you had these requirements, there was nobody else available. So at the age of 29 I found myself heading a university and a year later being in addition a member of the five-man government board in charge of the island's education system.

MacLean: How long did you stay in that position in Puerto Rico?

Hicks: Well, I stayed only five years in Puerto Rico in that educational position because of three pieces of news that had come to my attention. I wanted to increase the alternative educational budget by manipulating some of the accounting budget to it, so as to make sure that who would get the primary education. And third, I wanted to two Catholic schools out of existence because they were creating an opposition for a majority that could pay a tuition fee in first superior to those who went to public schools. With these policies, it's a miracle that I held on for five years.

MacLean: When did you realize your error?

Hicks: After many months in various parts of South America having thought things through, I wrote those basic pieces much in favoring Development. However in the late fifties and early sixties that I began to question the framework that was common in both the right and the left when one spoke about industrial development.

MacLean: Reading you and listening to you one is impressed by the thoroughness of

your research and the faculty of your thoughts. Your ideas seem to have germinated and grown during a long incubation period.

Hicks: They have been maturing a long time. I was very much interested in medieval alchemists as far back as the mid-Ten-ties. Much of the reading on which I do today I did between the age of fifteen and 12. I was lucky enough to have grandparents with a good library. I didn't get much formal education but I was lucky enough to be brought up in contact with good books, and to be allowed to sit under tables where I could listen to what seriously thinking people discussed.

MacLean: Is that a common characteristic of negotiator societies?

Hicks: Because their human kindness is used by the external power to influence more effectively the world view of the internal power than any diplomat or high-level business man ever could do.

MacLean: And you decided to do something about it?

Hicks: We decided to set up somewhere—finally we decided on Curaçao, a place already occupied by Britain for a few hundred years. It wasn't a very nice place—so we set up from which we could do our lobbying by these types of means, almost in our entire trying to win volunteers toward Latin America by offering a absolutely free Latin Spanish instruction and arts bridging, so that the best and brightest volunteers would come to us and slowly he convinced that it would be better for them to leave their whole country and for their benevolent target, if they named around Second, by infiltrating the Peace Corps and similar agencies in order to question these activities from within, doing this mostly through our friends Third, by acting up throughout Latin America waves of ridicule against volunteers which would strengthen Latin Americans against those who still managed to get through.

MacLean: I want finally to refer to your amazingly original reinterpretation of the Prometheus myth in *Limits To Medicine*. Do you see modern man as a Prometheus dressed to do something upon himself because of his boundless presumption and obstinate hubris?

Hicks: I think so. Today Prometheus has become Everyman without the Prometheus hubris and hubris. Everyman today is a rather Prometheus.

MacLean: How can we escape punishment for our hubris?

Hicks: Man is different from the animal in that he has to do not one but three fronts. He has to cope with nature, cope with his own neighbor—and most of history is a record of class war or intertribal war of enslavement and exploitation. And he must cope with his own fatal error as greedy doctors. And more particularly with the transition two days recently of the greatest dreams of the most gifted of his fellow citizens. For that purpose traditionally he can rely on myth and taboo. Both have been profoundly destroyed, or undermined, or washed out by the industrialized ethos. Those who pretended to fly on broomsticks were burned alive. Today they are paid. There are no more checkups on the daylong realization of nightmares.

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With the traditional Canadian 'mixed marriage' doomed, do we split—or rewrite the contract?

Column by John Harney

Within 10 years, Quebec and the rest of Canada—the French- and the English-speaking peoples living in this half of North America, will have worked out a new relationship. They will deal with each other on basis of equality, there will be real respect for each other's being here, and clear and specific guarantees that they will live in each other. This would be well within what Quebec is technically entitled to as an associate state or a member of a reorganized confederation. How we come to it will depend whether it will be forced at 1986 with independence. We may have no choice on our destination. The only choice we have is how we get there and that choice is more and more given; how things will be what we do.

This is why I believe Canada must write itself a new constitution, a new contract between two peoples and that this new constitution can be arrived at only through a constitutional assembly or constitutional convention that recognizes from the outset the special status of Quebec. At the very least, the victory of the Parti Québécois in the November 15 election—and on the part of the voters a willingness to put at full and formal question the relationship of Quebec with the rest of Canada. Now, René Lévesque will put the question of independence to a referendum. If it does not pass, and if the PQ is discredited more, the question will rise again. The question will be before the Quebecois (and eventually, of course, Canadians) until it is settled for good. Quebec is independent. Quebec was never independent. Since it will not be out, Quebec must have a differentiation in relation with the rest of Canada when it has now whether this state defines itself as independent, associate statehood, as post-independence with a clear and explicit difference from that of the other provinces.

We have to put two options out of mind completely, one is that things are really not going to change at all, and the other is that things are going to change utterly. We will not be able to maintain the edifice of Confederation with its shaky federal-provincial structure and the sponge cement of official bilingualism, but there will always be as in northern North America a French speaking nation, for even separation will not take or send it away.

The residue of Confederation is simply displayed in the federal provincial conference such as the one this month in Ottawa. The federal-provincial or a French does not work because it is based on a fe-



tate, which is that all the provinces are allies at bay. Beyond the differences in their sizes (Ontario and B.C. and Quebec and Newfoundland), there is also the central difference that the governments of the English-speaking provinces do not have the mandate that the government of Quebec has, whatever in political stripe. The former are elected by their residents to run schools, hospitals, roads and cities. The latter is chosen by its people not only to do all these things but also to preserve and enhance a language and a culture—in effect to represent that people and protect an interest. René Lévesque, present president of Quebec, will be discharging a duty passed on by Daniel Johnson, Jean Lesage, Maurice Duplessis and René Lévesque to mention a few. Viewed clearly, the Federal-provincial conference, what it deals with more than homekeeping, is an opportunity to work in cooperation with the rest of Quebec in the game of defining exactly what it is the province. Since a former桃花源 formally advanced that Quebec is not a province like the others, the future of provincial-federal provincialism hangs had to be insured.

Canada is not a unitary country. It consists at least two peoples, one clearly identifying the French and the other less so, the English. It makes no sense to expect that the national centre formally and explicitly to withdraw spirit and reality at that. The experience of the Americans is there to remind us that constitutional stability and durability can not come easily. Remember that we had the war between the states, they'll try even though we all spoke the same language.

As we did 100 years before we Canadians were making far progress toward constitutional reforms from 1953 to 1968. We developed a program, formula, shared programs, centralized a Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, and virtually discarded the Fulton-Pearson formula, special status and the like. It wasn't easy but we were trying.

John Harney is a former MP Member of Parliament

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Letters

As it happens, here's how As It Happens really happened

Doug Peterling's review of Barbara Frum's *As It Happened* (November 15) compounds the book's shortcomings as a record of what really happened. The idea of *As It Happened* was not, as they both say, borrowed from a West German radio station. It was based on a program proposed I submitted to CBC management in March, 1966, which derived from the notion that the successful phone-in format could be reversed for the live coverage of current affairs. Oddly enough, I discussed this notion with Barbara Frum who, at the time, was radio columnist with The Toronto Star. It took more than two years of lobbying and several job proposals to overcome the idea of *As It Happened*. And even after the program was launched in November, 1968, was still in advance of most other Canadian programs that had begun or started.

Fatigued by the burden of Frum's concern that virtually nothing happened until she arrived on the scene, I left the original *As It Happened*, as located at Phil Faurey and Harry Brown, quadrupled the audience of its once-weekly off peak slot within nine months. Subsequently, under William Ronald and Harry Brown, it maintained that popularity until, as a measure both of its success and that of its Friday edition, it was allocated its present peak-audience slot on a daily basis. Both Faurey and Ronald brought off corps altogether comparable to those claimed by Frum and they did so under the exacting conditions of five days.

I feel myself disbarred by Frum's evocation in her book of the plan that almost all her interviews have been pre-recorded and polished by tape editing. She states that "the show is done live." Yet she

only listeners who hear it live are those in the Maritimes, and even they hear only the continuity between interviews live; the rest of Canada hears a taped and homogenized package. To my mind there is something inately distasteful about the cash-contaminated presentation of *As It Happened* as it live progresses. Surely Barbara Frum's considerable talents are real enough to deserve the truth.

VAL CLIFFE, TORONTO

Not exactly a case of either/or silence

In The Wrong Man To Kill? (November 15) there is a suggestion that Canadians were not complicitous about James Earl Ray's ultimate escape through the Canadian General in Los Angeles. In fact, they either knew of his whereabouts or they Canadian "Prayer to God" they always stand in silence. "Prayer to God" At Araxus Line we have handled dozens of problems involving land schemes on behalf of British Columbians who have purchased land eight times. The State Real Estate Department in Phoenix is, in fact, aware of the problem we referred to there. The article does not mention if your winter contacted the department so I have no way of knowing whether or not the fact was covered up.

RAY CRATCHEL, DIRECTOR, ACTION LINE
THE PROVINCE, VANCOUVER

Allusion to the eccentric Woodrow and Bernstein in The Wrong Man To Kill is disastrous to a great movie. It seemed to me one of the points of the film (A.U. The Penn Men) was that investigative reporting is morally man and bold. One recalls Robert Redford thumbing through every phone book of America (and to the tune of the Muz) looking for one name. And there

Hoffman, curiously sipping coffee in the home of a non-Elizabeth-Beneth Washington secretary as he scratches after a stony, hardly comes across as pleasant. The presence of the bicycle wheel leaning against Bernstein's desk throughout the movie is inexplicable. His rounds of interviews were often made on a 10-speed, a vehicle hard to arm with a bomb.

ALAN WELLIETT, NORTH VANCOUVER

There's a lesson to this than meets the eye

Peter Hines' column What's Good For Ottawa (November 15) concerning the indexing of federal public service pensions ignores certain important aspects of that

indexation. He doesn't mention that federal public servants pay for their pensions at the rate of 1% of their gross annual salaries. The government, as is the practice of most good employers, matches this contribution. Assuming, for the sake of simplicity, a level annual salary of \$170,000 over a 25-year period and a modest savings interest of 3% compounded annually over the same period, the total accumulated value of the pension would be about \$170,000, which at current interest rates would yield an annual income of about \$12,000 and the capital would remain intact. In actual practice a public service pensioner with 25 years service and a fixed six year average salary of \$20,000 would receive a pension of \$10,000 a year. If the pensioner lived for five years after retirement, in the age of 65, he would receive something less than his total contributions to the pension fund, even if his pension was indexed to the cost of living at the rate of 4% a year.

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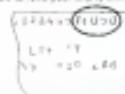
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We've got to stop mocking like this.

A Toronto Factor To Canadians (Native) "I pointed out some of the poor attitudes some Canadians have toward bilingualism. One comment about France trying to make Canada a French colony showed how necessary some Canadians are and how little they know about the situation in this country."

Hatification harbored by westemists (not all of them mind you) seem to stem from the "West's" any-language-but-French background—or so they would have us believe. It's true the West was opened up by Germans, Ulstermen and English settlers—but the first settlers from the Midwest during the late 1800s had a notable French-speaking population. Eastern Canadians are just as liable to think the West bad because the eastern provinces border on or are close to Quebec; it seems there is added antagonism based on economics and party politics. All told, those from either region share the common feeling that French is being "shoved down their throats." Ontario's recent battle over the fate of French in the air and in a postsecondary education is pushing bilingualism program use far too quickly have done little to ease the resentment harbored by some Canadians.

But aside from all the controversy of having two official languages and ensuring that French is taught in schools or schoolboards, most Canadians you don't know, or perhaps don't care that Canada was founded in 1867 with the purpose that both French and English be used as official languages. The French North American Act can do it that both English and French Canadians were guaranteed permanent services in their own language. The federal government recently has been trying in set to it that the same right is extended across the country, and this has been met with opposition in the name of being a waste of money.

Bilingualism in Canada is a mystery. It won't go away and fade. Whether the re-appraisal of Ottawa's position policy on the subject. The fact is it remains that Canada is a two-language country and for the country to remain a country—from Atlantic to Pacific—Canadian from all regions must speak bilingualism is fact of Canadian life.

BRUCE GUTTS TORONTO

Here we go again with our continuing argument: "French" Bilingualism is a point of national headlines, front pages and Maclean's November Cover. In Quebec it was an election issue. Eleven years ago the report of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism expressed the unanimous concern of 10 commissioners that Canada was "passing through the gravest crisis of its history" over the language issue.

As an "issue" bilingualism is fast becoming a mark of Canada's adolescence—or prolonged growing pain. Make no mistake, I think the royal b-i-bi extrava-

gance and follow-through have been doing constructive wonders for Canada. Of course there are some who can't take in who want to continue their "best-of-all-possible world" in a national childhood. They are those who can't face up to the challenges of living with another, can't see that "other" point of view, don't want to share the same ancestral bed, bury their cultural roots and miss much of the fun of being Canadian. Fortunately, an increasing number are actively involved in a larger, older society, living on school boards to get French (or English) insti-

tuted in the earliest grades, having private teachers for extracurricular language classes, setting up special schools, organizing student social and cultural exchanges providing company funds for language learning, involving themselves with and enjoying the heritage and the challenges of a nation living with one of the greatest linguistic and cultural contributions of Western civilization. That evidence is there too. It needs more seeking out for leadership and front pages.

Here we Canadians roll up our sleeves another occasion. There's nothing best and occasional sprouts. There is grass.

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But surely this is exciting. Our country is alive and breathing. These are signs of vigor, of growth and of optimism.

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What is really bothering English-speaking Canadians today is a grumpy consciousness. And many English-speaking Canadians haven't woken up to it. In almost every province outside of Quebec, French-speaking people have been immigrating to the cities. The reason for this has been over tax. In business and industry, too many of us have acted as though this was an English-speaking country, pure and simple. And while Quebec was a predominantly agricultural and inward-looking society, we could get away with it.

These days are past. French-Canadians have moved into the 20th century at overwhelming numbers and they are not willing to be treated as second-class citizens. Three cheers! I regret that at least one government—our federal government—has made an honest attempt to right the wrongs. I wish the same could be said of the provinces.

I was in Ottawa 30 years ago. Civil service didn't even try to hide their hostility toward French-speaking people. Ottawa was an English-speaking capital, make no mistake about it. I was in渥太华 in the past summer. What a change! I saw people being served in French without any fuss. French buses, being called in English, "gauge". It was a different city now, a much more "blended" one. I am not saying that there are no problems to solve. Far from it. But if we begin by admitting that we are not little England or little United States, we will have gone a long way toward solutions. If we square our shoulders and say as Popeye does "I am what I am" when there's no problem big enough to stop us.

ALLEN McNAULIAN BARKSTOON

It's noticeable to their Mother Nature.

I picture Adèle Freedman as sort of short-sophisticated Tavaris sisyphe who tries to prove anything that shows your life as the country as a good thing. She may be so used to tall rubbery plants which make up the indoor "scenery" of office buildings that she would find the fish in Grouseberry Bay's Exchange of Sammamish (September 20) inferior to sea bass filleting. And as for deer, the caribou, moose, moose in the Woods with cherry trees, and Long Slanty Mingo, the one who lived a diminished life long after the others had died but later—well, all that can now be said is that so much sentimental value still for Adèle.

But the more refined Adèle has found her secure becoming; the more we need writers like Gabriele Rees to remind us of our beauty and of the harmony that could exist between man and nature. Western man's reading will be disconsolateness of all that Gabriele Rees writes about with such love and understanding as Enchanted Summer Skies is of that great company of writers—Rachel Carson, Alfred Schnabel,

Baroness de Staél-Fagry and many others who show the power of the heart and imagination and love for the earth. Critics with more analytical minds than critics writers often show also in their reviews what Susan Sontag calls "the range of the intelligent upon art"—any criticism in this case would be tainted with Rosetta's case thoughtfully drawing her end while Adèle takes notes.

TRUMAN HARRISON TORONTO TORONTO STAR

Three cheers for this skipper

Thanks to MacLean's for extending long-owed recognition to Alan MacEachen

(November 1), the intrepid Cape Bretoner who so successfully and valently captured the federal Liberal ship through so many political storms while more heralded colleagues such as John Turner attained a sophisticated and laudable career status near the lifeboat.

J. FRANK KEMBLE WINNIPEG

Time's A'Run

Hasn't April Turn, Le Belge? (Never has it been so Nagasakian disappearing as that, like all other such under-prepared with the possibly post-Tina era, hide or no parallel has been seen with the French Fifth Republic under De Gaulle. One can

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read more recently the political pundits writing that the Fifth Republic had been reinforced for De Gaulle and would not last his passing. It is perhaps noteworthy that one hears little of such literature these days about the Fifth Republic. Similarly, it is my contention that today's press does a great disservice to the Yugoslav people and political system by suggesting repeatedly that without Tito the Yugoslav social system is inherently unstable. Tito granted a great measure of autonomy, but not single-handedly guided Yugoslavia's worker self-managed society. The resilience of the Yugoslavs was tested both in World War II and during the Cominform ouster of 1948 and should not be undermined in the years to come.

DR. ALAN WHITEHORN
INSTITUTE OF CANADIAN STUDIES
CARLETON UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA

Up against the wall, interviewed

Walter Stewart's interview with C. Jackson Glynn Jr. (November 10) regarding Glynn's past journalism is at best, at the end of the interview Glynn was reduced to implying, "Well, that's true, isn't it?" Stewart was not better prepared for the interview than was Glynn.

WALTERS BIRDS VANCOUVER

Walking on thin ice

Mr. Joe Clark is a "Canadianist" as you say in *The Welcome Wiggon* (November 11), surely apolitical. Prime Trudeau is a socialist in the "butcher-Rudd-thus-dead" tradition.

CHARLES ADDISON/TORONTO, ONT

The fact that the Liberal cabinet turned down White Consolidated Industries' proposed take-over of Westinghouse Canada Limited under "extraordinary public pressure" seems to indicate that nationalism is hardly a dead issue. This is something that "conservatism" such as Conservative leader Joe Clark" should consider very carefully. It is obvious that the federal government, and more of the provincial governments as well, have had to deal with the very real problem of民族自豪感 in a very meaningful way. For the sake of our country as a nation, let's ensure that any such group, no matter what, that they are continuously voted into power.

YANNICK HILLER/OTTAWA, ONTARIO

More widespread than first believed

Another Macho Tales *Over* (October 18) discusses a Transformer being used in Edmontons to read meters for by gas and water utilities. Bell Canada has, for the past year, been running similar tests in North York on a number of homes but according to your story, no one else is doing this outside of Edmonton.

JO ANN KOTHMILL TORONTO, ONT

Gophers have feelings too

It was with great pleasure that I read in the *Day Of The Gopher* (November 11) that one

of my favorite books was to be filmed. However, I shall not be seeing it. I saw enough of gopher hunting when I grew up and went to school in Saskatchewan. As a young child, we met other children on the prairie at that time, based by the dozens of these cans a mif multiplied by a very large figure. I set out on my own gopher trap with a trap snare and a pail of water. One gopher was enough—too much. I had finally learned that one must come to terms with the idea that animals must be killed for one reason or another but in the killing be as fast and painless as possible. Not all children who caught me killed gophers around them occasionally, but some did.

The popular episode was supposed to teach the sanctity of life but ironically MacLellan's assessment of this lesson has resulted in the re-enactment of the cruelty he condemned.

DOROTHY MORRISON, VANCOUVER

Day Of The Gopher prompted me to write to express my disgust at the abhorrent treatment inflicted upon a number of gophers in order to make a 90-second movie. *Bad News Bears* Who Has Seen The Wind? The screenplay called for "a gopher to be flooded out of his burrow, whereupon Jappy (a dog) would eat it, one of Brian's buddies would retrieve it, then snap its tail off by whirling it around and then biting

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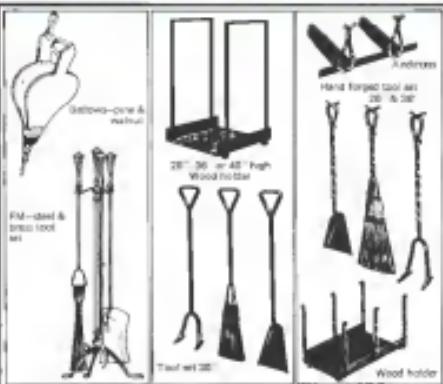
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F. MATHER, OTTAWA

A situation seriously out of control

On the cover of your October 18 issue it says Controls Go Year Later. By controls in Canada you mean Quebec, Ontario, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver. We have not noticed any controls in the north but then they don't count as there are so few people here. Last year our gas was \$2.20 cents a gallon. This year it is \$1.16. Maxwell House coffee was \$2.30 for a 10-ounce jar, but this year it is \$4.30. Sobecon was \$2.25 a pound, now it's \$3.30 a pound. Our workers are now getting \$372 per four hours work and an apprentice gets \$64 for four hours work. With all the strikes we have in Canada it's hard to say wage and price controls. The only people or wage controller are the strike preventer or welfare.

ANNE ARKLES PT NELSON BC

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— tailless but still alive—and there somewhere on the windows pane? "Eighth floor gophers were scared for me in flinging the scree. One gopher was so bad trying to get out of its cage. In order to record a shot of fluffy jumping and scalding, a gopher was taken out of its cage and had to eventually be forced to leave it. Another gopher barely escaped the same fate. Yet another was drowned in its tunnel. Others refused to run from the day—they were so terrified they tried to burrow their tracks. How incredible that we have so few in Canada to prevent such untimely cruelty!"



A bill was recently defeated by a one vote margin in the Senate on the California Legislature (the bill had already passed the legislature) that would have made it非法 for the California Attorney General to prosecute anyone in California of any crime which showed clear, hard evidence of cruelty to animals or the shooting of such a film. It is certainly fantastic that such legislation will be passed on the spur of the moment, and other states are sure to follow California's lead. Should this happen, it will be disastrous financially for Who Has Seen The Wind?

F. MATHER, OTTAWA

I'm a Brazil nut!
— Lowell Thomas

Boys L. T. "The wonders of Brazil are what the other wonders of the world try to live up to." In Brazil, nature is awesome. In place, our rivers are so wide they resemble oceans. Our mountains are so grand that geographers are not certain we have yet found our highest point. Birds and butterflies...and in nearly countless varieties. Our waterfalls dwarf Niagara. And the comforting thing is that in the ranks of all the wildlife are some of the most luxurious hotels in the world. Travellers don't simply like Brazil, they go mad for the place.

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Preview

In case Tricky Dick's got some tricks left, Frost is hedging his bets

The much publicized lawsuit of Richard Nixon, failed President, by David Frost, failed television personality, hasn't even taken issue yet but Frost's lawyers are already plotting to sue the gamblers' group if Nixon sues again against Nixon. The reason is that Frost has agreed to pay Nixon roughly \$150,000 for an exclusive 24 hours of television airings, probably to take place in the spring; the quid pro quo was that Nixon would answer all questions, however painful and embarrassing, including those about the misuse of \$18 million of a criminal Watergate tape. Nixon's knowledge of the "Kaminski wrangle" and what Nixon really knew about his Phoenix Frost has had to accept Nixon to be censored, but is not taking any chances if Nixon recaps, out comes the lawsuit. The plan at first Frost to cut precisely the 24 hours down to four 90-minute segments, Nixon will have an ally in what Frost decides to run or not run.

Year kind of known?

At last a Christmas gift for the man (or woman) who has everything, something that even Nicolas-Marsan doesn't have in his catalogue of wretched self-indulgences. A new St. Vital, Saskatchewan, about 140 miles southwest of Regina, is up for bids. Included are 16 houses, six stone, area 8,000 square-foot office complex with dormitory and cafeteria. Not included are a Catholic church, eight other houses, an auto body shop and 310 bathrooms. The asking price: \$118,500. Against Royal Trust Real Estate in Regina. The asking apparently more. What happened was that St. Vital, which was incorporated as a village in 1964, had never been anything other than a one-company town and the company, Family Life Assurance, is expanding and, says Luke Arnold, the Royal Trust spokesman, St. Vital is "A-1" (and shaped)—and it may be the only time in your life when you can have the chance to set your own mill rate.

Golf tactics

As Red Skelton (or maybe it was George Jessel) remarked at the well-intended opening of the despoiled Columbus Pictures



A big hand for Jessica Lange, laughing in on-setting in

chief Harry Cohn, "give the people what they want and they're bound to turn up (in words to that effect). For the last year De Laurentiis has been convincing people that what they want is *Alex Rocco*, conveniently that a white King infantry divisionary (the original King) has been remade of the 1933 movie King, before its opening in more than 1,000 theatres in mid-December. Who could look forward more to the movie starring Jessica Lange, but for three days spot-shaped, whetley-decades, King, King, many here, key themes containing an essential link from the fibrous artificial material. Viewmaster slides, and the almost mandatory exhibition of results, tokens and dazzling rings. The name of the game is "promotion" (he-he), and what De Laurentiis and distributor Paramount Pictures are doing is testing their product's point-of-purchase marketability for later advertising. King Kong will be worth \$30 million.

The sky's the limit

Winnipeg winters begin snarls with "Well, well . . ." and then go on to prove it. Well, well . . . What adjective could possibly describe Mr. Frost's plan for New Year's Eve? For \$4,500 per person a Concorde will fly from Paris to Washington, allowing passengers to celebrate New Year's in Paris over the Atlantic, and finally in Washington at the French Embassy. And from there the straight probability factor for Air France, the "Excess III" to

the type describes the venture, yet another public relations attempt to get the two-on-one fast-tired Canadian, except at North American rates, and other than Delta. Anyways, the passengers will be paying more than just a plane ride for their money. They will fly by the train to Washington December 28, wound and fumed and shaken off to Pan's Hotel Inter-Continental. The next day they'll be treated to a banquet and cabaret. Then, after a gourmet breakfast and private showing at Pierre Cardin's the revels begin with a nine-course meal: three in Paris three in flight, and three in Washington—plus a succession of the finest and most appropriate wines. As an invitation to one prominent Canadian (who declined, with thanks) said, "Let me tell you . . . this is not everyone's party."

It ain't so, Joe

The Grand Lodge of Canadian Labor Congress president Joe Morris for a show to reorient the country's working class may be fully tame'd to that by mid-December. It is then that the executive council of the CLC, which has become increasingly tied to the idea of a "superior body" (where government, labor and business would not jointly meet itself with funds borrowed from the Canada Pension Plan) will meet. Government and business thought it was a lousy idea, and so did the NDP Labor's political arm since 1968. Many fears for such an arrangement because of the potential for business-government domination. At the height of Morris' rhetoric and posturing, the 2.2 million-member labor movement was beginning to show more than just a little disengagement with the New Democrats, especially with the Saskatchewan and Manitoba governments in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, which went along with the labor-favored wage and price controls. But it appears now, following a five-day cabinet meeting between Morris and federal party leader Ed Broadbent on November 29, that a labor front is ready to roll back in bed with the new Morris now has the biggest problem: how to use her.



Make it with Gilbey's, the last frosty one.

Canada

The big payoffs: good business? Or bad?

The dollar was falling, René Lévesque was mounting power in Quebec, and the postal workers were threatening to strike again. But throughout late November and early December, the country's attention was focused on another domestic issue: the series of billion-dollar payoffs questionable dividends of foreign plants by a Canadian corporation, Atomec Energy of Canada Ltd. (AEC). On Nov. 22, chairman-governor James Macdonald reported to parliament that AEC, the government-owned utility arm for the Canadian-designed CANDU nuclear reactor, had paid off nearly \$10 million in fees to "agents" in connection with the sale of reactors to South Korea and Argentina.

Suddenly, Canada had its own Lockheed scandal and even though it was much

\$52.4 million went to United Desalogenics Inc. of Tel Aviv, a worldwide sales corporation headed by Shaul Eisenberg, and \$2.4 million to a firm called International Oriental Trading. Macdonald said that more than \$100 million of the fees he is asking for came from eight million dollars to United Desalogenics and the white \$2.4 million to International—what would quickly concern for. He did not say if the expenses were clear to most people; the payments may well have had to do with the Canadian reactors in Argentina. Prime? When a year ago, he told his first two reactors abroad and had promises of more sites to come.

Then the bills started to come in. First, in part from one of whose top officers,

smaller in scale, it was compensated by the firm's customers, unlike Lockheed, in government-owned.

It all turned back in 1968 when AEC assumed responsibility for managing AEC's design and research. In 1972, it signed on Flushing and London Development as "technology partners" and sent a team of 300 men to the South Korean city of Gwangju to help establish a state-owned nuclear engineering firm based in Gwangju to sell the Canadian reactors to Argentina. Prime? When a year ago, he told his first two reactors abroad and had promises of more sites to come.

Now the bills started to come in. First, in part from one of whose top officers,

The men who make the world go 'round

For more than three decades, Shaul Eisenberg was little more than a faceless name, emanating a fortune behind multiple walls of secrecy and known only to the powerful few who dominate world trade. But suddenly, in late November, the heavy-jeweled German-born Eisenberg found himself at the center of a national controversy reviving around Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., the country's growingly controversial power supplier being accused of a June 1980 bid that had Germany in the late 1980s. Eisenberg was identified by the Canadian auditor-general as having accepted eight million dollars in questionable payments from Westinghouse to help promote the sale of nuclear reactors to South Korea. Almost overnight, Eisenberg became joined the growing list of shadowy figures who operate in the bright world of multinational agents, consultants and international loans, many of whom surfaced briefly during the protracted Lockheed scandal. Using payoffs, bribes, kickbacks and commissions, their job, at its simplest, is to help multinational corporations win lucrative contracts with foreign governments and their agencies.

Shaul Neeman Eisenberg, 55, seems to fit the classic image of the middleman and in some ways to outdo it. The most striking quality about the man is the secrecy with which he surrounds himself. It is a matter of record, for example, that he lived in Japan throughout the war and married a Japanese woman. But what he did for the Axis country in the war years is a complete mystery. He even refuses to disclose the number of children he has

(estimated range from two to six). During the postwar American occupation, he managed to build his enormous fortune on a thriving trade in new materials and scrap iron. The squat, beaming Eisenberg moved to Israel about 10 years ago, attracted by a new law passed by the government to offer healthy tax advantages to foreign firms setting up headquarters in the country. The legislation has since been amended to prevent Eisenberg from once again, if any other international corporation appears to have taken advantage of its provisions.

He occupies offices on the top floor of one of Tel Aviv's tallest buildings, with an unlisted telephone and extraordinarily heavy security. The luxurious family compound is in a posh Tel Aviv suburb, with the villa connected to a private club by an underground tunnel. This entire complex is guarded by a tough-looking Oriental and ferocious German shepherds. While the down-and-dagger secrecy of a Howard Hughes, Eisenberg lies in his private jet (an acquaintance says he is listed in commercial aircraft) between the 20 or 30 planes where his company, United Development Inc., his offices, trying always to stay on the top floor of the best hotels and rarely staying regardless under false names. Says a Toronto businessman who had dinner with him in May 1975, in a small room off the Canadian Grill restaurant in Ottawa: a Chateau Laurier Hotel. I knew right off he was not the kind of man I'd ever want to be a friend of. He talked constantly about himself—he was his own main interest. At one point he said he wanted to buy a fast-down toy sports

car for his grandson. I suggested Hantley's in London. He glanced at one of the two or three diamond rings he was wearing and snipped: "I'll fly them tomorrow."

Another Canadian businessman who has met Eisenberg several times—and who like all his associates contacted, insisted on anonymity—was struck by what he described as the "rare brutality of the man." Said the businessman: "They [middlemen] live in another world and in many ways their only relation to ordinary mortals is that they probably control a

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car. Eddie Crook, now is on the run because police want to talk to him about his part in Italy's burgeoning Lockheed scandal (asked to pay \$2.4 million in international). Later, in January of that year Eisenberg submitted a bill for \$20 million—\$17.5 million down and \$2.5 million in contingent costs, says president John Foster, while predecessor J. Lorne Gray had left Eisenberg expected the bill but when it arrived he had "second thoughts" about it and took it to newly appointed attorney, observant Ross Campbell. In February, Campbell responded to Energy Minister Alastair Collett, the first time he had heard of the Eisenberg deal. According to Collett, who was then chairman of the Canadian cabinet committee on energy in 1973, that "responsible" agency's fault had to be paid to rescue the South Korean contract and, since Gray was not informed of any discrepancy at the cabinet level, he was to stand with the Eisenberg deal. Prime Minister Trudeau told the Commons that minutes of the cabinet committee meeting show the agency's bill was indeed discussed. Furthermore, said Trudeau, the absence of

any disapproval by cabinet should not be construed as a sign of consent to bribery. "We take the view that any Crown corporation will abide by all the laws and practices which are commendable to Canadians people."

After leaving Eisenberg last March, Campbell returned with a renegotiated contract calling for a payment of about \$18.4 million and some accounting of Eisenberg's expenditures. But the accounting was not good enough for the ministerial committee. As Macdonald left it, he told his former chief Campbell: "I think that there must be some problem with the Eisenberg bill, but the chairman wouldn't give me any details." What, Campbell asked, would you do? Says Macdonald: "I said cancel checks and vouchers are a good start, and I haven't got any yet."

In looking over the Eisenberg deal, the auditor-general also searched over the payment to Eisenberg, which had been overlooked in previous audits. He said, that would like some disconfirmation for that payment, use AEC and government spokesman to reduce the amount.

Good part of our lives without us knowing or thinking much about it. Their business is money collecting it and placing it.

A British energy specialist who has frequent dealings with Eisenberg told MacLean that Eisenberg now is closely involved with governments in Asia and has a growing interest in Latin America that he has become a virtually indispensable agent for any company wanting to expand to those areas.

The British specialist said Eisenberg also serves as honorary consul for Panama in Israel and for Austria in London. He has strong interests in India, which allows the world's most populous country to invest in excess of \$100 million. The method he uses to hold up closely his knowledge of the key oil-producing countries each country where he resides. He gets to know these areas assess their values interests and their needs. If he can do a profitable deal for one of his own companies, he'll do it. But if he can't, his international intelligence network will supply him with the names of some company somewhere who has what the government wants. Then he goes into action. Even if a government can't really afford, say, a new aircraft or missile, he can play on their vulnerabilities and lone some weaknesses—like those 2000s—I wouldn't want to be a Ray blackmail—until they change their mind. His methods are breathtaking.

Private businesses were the first to realize use of middlemen, but some governments weren't far behind. In the early 1970s, South Korean President Park Chung Hee, for example, sent an acquaintance, Tongson Park, to Washington armed with millions of dollars. His job was to pose as a wealthy businessman and entice invited to top politicians and the Washington elite with lavish gifts as a means of warding off any complaint at

try to reduce America's huge military presence in Korea. He did it with gusto according to evidence now emerging. He spent roughly six million dollars on contributions to political campaigns, gifts to congressmen and on paying wealthy young ladies for romantic interludes with a number of U.S. politicians. But Park committed the cardinal sin for a lawmaker: He courted public and eventually Congress began investigating his opus. That was his highly dubious legacy.

Another international hero was George Tenet, head of the Central Intelligence Agency. When he was asked to resign from CIA, he accepted a position as a consultant to the Saudi government. He too has a penchant for private aviation traveling in a custom-designed Boeing 727, complete with a 27-foot sailing room, four bedrooms, sets and a bathroom with two double-occupancy beds—one for Arab guests and one for Western guests. But the publicly so shielding his expertise eventually aroused the Senate subcommittee on multimillion-dollar contracts. Among other things, the subcommittee found he had asked the Northrop Corp. for \$400,000 for two Saudi generals involved in buying aircraft from the firm and that he had accepted money from Lockheed for under-the-table compensation to Saudi officials.

Being public or attracting attention by overzealous behavior are mistakes that Eisenberg and his colleagues tried to avoid. But one of Eisenberg's Canadian acquaintances minimizes the long-term effects on his career. There'll be a lot of kicking and screaming about us, and Eisenberg, but he'll never be out of work. Men live two never die. Their power just changes hands."

KAREN COOPER/DOUBLEDAY



Eisenberg (right) with his wife (center) and an unidentified guest at the unveiling of plaque for a huge steel structure, and his Tel Aviv home (right).





"Almost didn't make the plane... luckily in money got bungled."

Meanwhile, in Ottawa, the Commons Public Accounts committee assigned to look into the matter was moving at a snail's pace with just three hours of hearings in its first week. But reporters digging

the story did manage to turn up some new information that seemed to indicate what was not an isolated example, involving the following:

• Polymer Corp., a Crown corporation

that was taken over in 1972 by the Canada Development Corporation, and renamed Polymer, paid \$6.9 million into Swiss bank accounts for persons unknown in 1972. Former auditor-general Maurice U Henderson pointed out the practice to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in a letter in March, 1973. Trudeau passed it off to his treasury board president Bill Drury, who called CEO president Tony Blomberg and was satisfied with his explanation that the payments were merely "salvage drawings." The fact that the recipients of the money that has resulted in payment being made to Swiss bank accounts in order to avoid taxes "is not a question which we should be involved," says Polymer spokesman John Sizer. "If the customer said, 'Please return over the money and burn it,' we would." The Justice committee unchanged.

• The Canadian Commercial Corporation, government-owned since 1961, paid \$47,000 in 1971 to Canadian Ltd., of Montreal, a private government-owned but privately owned entity to promote the sale of 11 nationalized CP-5 jet fighters from the Canadian Armed Forces to Venezuela.

This auditor-general's bite is worse than his bark

Choosing such phrase with a bookkeeper's precision, James J. Macdonell wrote 15 drafts in longhand before coming up with what he calls the most important professional opinion of his life. The government has lost or is close to losing effective control of the public purse, he began. What followed was a 600-page catalogue of financial horrors on government spending that eclipsed anything Macdonell had ever seen, including the notorious Maxwell Henderson memoingle in 15 stormy days as auditor-general.

While Henderson made life miserable for three prime ministers with his yearly chronicles of spending debacles, Macdonell went a crucial step further in detailing that the situation is now sliding out of control. A quiet, harmless 61-year-old Montrealer who spent 40 years in and around the boardrooms of greatest business and industry, Macdonell promised when he replaced Henderson 20 years ago that he would like a business-oriented approach to the job of overseeing government spending programs. He defined his role then as a "watchdog" not a "bloodhound," but recently added a variation. He now says: "Watchdogs do a lot of barking and there's another kind of dog called a guard dog. He doesn't do much barking, but he can be quite effective."

Macdonell, married with one grown daughter, says he has a streak of practicality that comes from his hardscrabble roots. He was born in Alberta, educated in Ontario and spent almost all of his career in Quebec, starting as a 325-man office boy. He received his char-

acter accountant's certificate in 1937 and spent eight years with Canadian Industries Ltd. before moving to Price Waterhouse & Co. the huge accounting firm in Montreal in 1945. Macdonell established the U.S.-owned company's management consulting division in Canada and built a reputation among accountants and businessmen as a tough uncompromising financial sleuth who couched blunt opinions in good English. (Macdonell is bilingual, though he speaks with a pronounced Québécois accent.)

In his role as "guard dog" of the public trust, Macdonell is now looking into the government's use of computers and that could be the next frontier story he tells.

He signed his audit report last Friday and will also state that a dollar in dollar and a dollar that's contributed by the taxpayers of Canada deserves a kind of control that is at least as good as a private company's, he said. "In my view it should be better control, because it is a trust dollar."

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Comparing that to the following statement by U.S. Treasury secretary William Simon during the Lockheed scandal: "Fascism is in business mode to serve foreign business can only increase the distrust and suspicion that is eroding our national confidence. To argue that rules for foreign officials are necessary for effective competition is contrary to every principle under the free-market system." On the other hand, an overly self-righteous stance by Canadians might shut Canada off of many foreign markets and kill any chance to cut its budget deficit and reduce its dependence on the sale of raw materials. It is the same dilemma that the United States faced earlier this year during the Lockheed scandal but for Canada the problem is even more difficult because most Canadian companies do not have the clout of their American counterparts to say simply that they will do business their way or not at all.

The aspect of this debate is difficult to gauge. One usually says by the nuclear-export program, which was already under heavy fire from Conservatives and New Democrats because each reactor carries with it the seeds of an atomic bomb, AECB was hoping to sell more reactors to Argentina and South Korea and was the work-

Canadian passed some or all of the money to Domtar, a Quebec-based agent, but denies any wrongdoing. Of the total payment, however \$500,000 was listed simply as "marketing expenses" and the auditor-general was suspicious. Says former deputy auditor-general George Long, now retired: "It could well have been a payoff, because that's what you would call a payoff - a marketing expense."

Some wondered why there was so much fine bunting after all, no Canadian official had been tried and nothing illegal had happened here. It is not illegal for Canadians to bribe a foreign official, it may even defend the expense from its taxable nature. It is also not illegal to receive a payment from a government contractor, either by the receiver department or by the receiver department's

"Treasury and Lawrence, see the PM make hay in the PQ's survival? Some think so



ing on sites in Japan, Italy, Romania and Mexico. But those places now are under review and may be accepted naturally as a result of the current fervor.

But it is the political impact of the AGC affair that could be most serious. It came at the worst possible time for the Liberals, who were just beginning to reverse their long slide in the polls. (A November Gallup poll showed 35% of the respondents supported the Liberals, their highest standing since Jim Clark was chosen Conservative leader.) The government attempted to drown the bad publicity in a sea of its own public relations, including the appointment of a royal commission to study the future of government spending. But the move has not been well received, with critics suggesting measures to increase taxation and human rights got pushed aside by the adverse reaction from Atomic Energy of Canada and the auditor-general's report. Said Liberal MP Robert Kaplan to Macdonell in a comment meeting: "A report like yours, of course, is not as a government document, it is not as much a political document as the Royal Commission is. But the job of all of us, as far as I'm concerned, is to make sure that if possible next year's report commends the government for measures that it has taken to reverse now and then."

JAN LUBCHICK

Trudeau Apologizes

Just four days after his appeal to English Canadians to believe "in though they wanted Quebec to stay in" Confederation, Prime Minister Trudeau was in Toronto for a private, off-the-record Japanese lunch with eight senior news executives and commentators. In a low-key session, he was restating his views on Quebec, the possibility of a referendum on separation and the future of Canada when would-be Charles Taylor Templer suggested that Trudeau should make more use of the

media to market his message. "Why do you think you are here for lunch?" he implied.

Something that concession to political gravy emerged Toronto Star columnist Dennis Bramblett, who explained: "You can take your goldmine and above it sit your rose." Bramblett and some of the others at the lunch then proceeded to discuss Quebec bilingualism, even in the point of citing two of its more bizarre by-products - speech bubbles in two languages and French television in Toronto. Glibly and with a smile, Norman Webster, one of the luncheon guests, wrote later: "Basically Trudeau is asking all of us to show some goodwill toward our competitor, the daily press. It was a cool war in our country's frontiers."

It was not a promising start, either, for Trudeau's attempt to re-generate support for his policies in response to the election of René Lévesque's Parti Québécois government. Trudeau, who was born the day before at the Grey Cup game, is associated with such visceral hostility. But the lesson underlines the fact that, more than ever before, the issue is not "separatism" (as Pierre Trudeau himself) and the performance of his government.

More brutal of all, for Trudeau are implications that he is out of touch with events in his home province, Quebec. One person advancing that view is 31-year-old Saguenay, a federal Liberal Member of Parliament who wanted to steal his pregnant friend, Chantal Richard, on Quebec's National Assembly, when Richard is a new Senator. "Sister Mr. Trudeau has been in Ottawa," Joyal observes. "There have been four premiers in Quebec this year."



Macdonell is back, downed, in still in touch

"I'm really grateful to you for making me do this," he said. "I had to come to stand and tell her that her 'biggest' [sic] lie was untrue." But he could be unapologetic. "Showing them how to do nothing," he said, "is the best way of making me feel like a failure."



political gravitation. The new government is drawn to many of the ideals of the PQ."

PQ leader Ed Broadbent argues that Trudeau's "solid reliance on bilingualism as the solution to the problems of Canadian federalism has been an unmitigated disaster" and that "he needs to move on significantly." This is a rapidly growing argument among those who regularly study politics in the West. In Alberta, premier Peter Lougheed put it in a speech at Queen's University there is concern that "at crucial as the Quebec situation" is, a preoccupation with solving an Alberta anarchist book walkdown in the economy and other regional grievances. Even on Trudeau's largely Anglophone staff there is a feeling that while Quebec is a major problem, "it is not the only area we need to deal with."

On the part of Quebec several federal strategists favor early referendums in addition to clearing up the areas that inevitably will generate economic uncertainty; they reason that the longer the PQ has to establish itself in a coalition government, the less likely it is that the referendum will be on independence. "It wouldn't be a vote on separation," says one Trudeau aide. "It would be a referendum on Lévesque." One disturbing element of the reaction to Trudeau's tactic is the view that the crisis is an opportunity for him to graft new levers on his "English Canada" and the potential partners of Canada will help jettison his range of political options.

Conservative leader Joe Clark, for now the only serious alternative to Trudeau

has been won over by some Quebec élites—most notably for his willingness to decentralize, but he has looked it twice as if he regards the PQ as in a "grave opportunity" for hasty analyses and partisan bicks.

At Lévesque's historic trade-breakfast conference with the other ten ministers in Quebec City yesterday, the movement was clearly on the side. Among the speakers was the provincial minister of Quebec (see following story). In Ottawa there was a palpable sense that things have become unglaublich. Trudeau displayed a positive uncertainty about how to respond to events in an active province. In an 18-second moment at a news conference he portrayed the PQ as in a return to "tribalism"—a blunder that many Quebecers found irritating. Trudeau and Lévesque are divided on some deep fundamental issues, among them:

• Trudeau's vision of internationalized bilingualism and his premise that French-Canadian institutions can never be severed from Ottawa. Lévesque has rejected this thesis, viewing Quebec as the homeland for French Canadians.

• Trudeau's argument that all of Canada should divide Quebec should separate Lévesque claims that "this was not be decided" among the Quebec people.

Lévesque also wants to the government to teach of English Canada about the "Quebec problem" by invoking the supposedly appealing notion of a new partnership—"interdependence," he calls it—devoid of old nationalisms.

As far as most Party of comment on the PQ victory, federal ministers such in

Montreal and André Cauchet declined interviews. Through an aide, Jean Charest responded that it was now time "to shut up, you don't throw rocks through a window of the bedroom on a wedding night. You wait until the children start to fly."

The background is likely to be a short one. Jacques Parizeau, the new Quebec minister of state, says that "we have the 'triste et triste'—not because we won a handover majority and there is no reason to be vindictive, though because we have a job to do, winning the referendum." Prime Minister Trudeau leaves no doubt of his determination either. It was always "my intention to stay and fight separation as long as I could. You will find me in there fighting."

ROBERT LEWIS

QUEBEC CITY

After the bell is over

When the 23 members of Premier René Lévesque's new ministry made their way to their first cabinet meeting in early December, several had to be pointed to the right door by serenely and securely new Minister of Immigration and Natural Resources, Minister André Cauchet. Trudeau predicted the topic would be "finances, finances, finances"—and eight and a half hours later, it turned out he was right. Later the Premier underscored that the first session of the National Assembly on December 14 will end with a supplementary budget of \$500 million to cover provincial expenses and year-end. The meeting had managed to take the final figure below the half-billion mark, down from the \$337.5

Laundry, Lévesque, Claude Morin, Jacques Yves Ménard, Lévesquean, Bureau, Partisan and Minister facing the "increasing after"

million projected by departing Liberal finance minister Raymond Gagnon. It was a sobering statement of the scale of the economic problems, and it brought the cold reality of the problems of governing home to the new cabinet. Even before the initial meeting, the first weeks of the new government were marked by remarkable caution and restraint. Aware of the dangers of letting expectations rise or allowing potential disagreements to surface, most of the members of the new government kept low-profile as they plague us than new jobs.

Few days before the first cabinet meeting, Lévesque had promised his government to a televised gathering of citizens and guests, and then to a widely enthusiastic crowd at the Quebec Convention Centre. The struggle ahead will probably be to cope with the pressing problems of the economy, and to deal with the mass strike by teachers and the peasant movement. At the same time, and we're inclined to believe, the new ministers

clearly, the economic mess that the previous minister contributed to the mood of dejection at the new government, and as part of the reason in proceeding so cautiously. As one strongly integrationist businessman advised, "the business guys have been saying all the right things." For Lévesque has taken few risks. He has, with few exceptions, done what was expected in his cabinet—with an extra

element of assurance. He surrounded himself with a small group of senior cabinet members to form the phoenix committee. This committee—already known as the Group of Eight—is to establish the sense of direction for the new government.

Chaired by Lévesque, the committee consists of two key portfolios—Finance (Jacques Parizeau) and intergovernmental affairs (Claude Morin)—and five ministers of state: social development (Pierre Moreau), economic development (Bernard Landry), cultural development (Dr. Claude Lévesque), planning (Jacques Lévesque), and parliamentary services (René Boisjoly). Lévesque established the function of vice-minister of state, a term he gave to Denis Coderre, his former Beauharnois colleague in ministerial posts. Now the first—the few who are bright and energetic—will have specific administrative responsibilities, but they will be first and along-range planning, coordination and troubleshooting in the specificities. With the exception of Moreau, all are known as moderates on economic issues, and several are very close to Lévesque personally (Landry was on his staff when he was minister of natural resources in the Lévesque cabinet, and Morin and Lévesque are close personal friends).

However, despite the managerial spirit behind the moniker there are dangers in the system. On the one hand there is the risk of alienating the operating ministers, or erasing the kind of consensus that Pierre Trudeau incurred with the injection of allow him to plan beyond the Prime Minister of Ottawa and Privy Council Office. On the other hand, there is the risk that the measure of state, appearing without department or large budget, may disappear from public view. This was the fate of Quebec premier William Davis' policy committee or "super-ministers." According to Ben Lawrence, one of the first "super-ministers," it was a gulf, financing expenses, for a politician. "You are without your hand on the steering wheel, at the level of power," he said. "You don't get reported, the consistency is lost—and you drift out of the public landscape." The losses for Lévesque are obvious. Including the Prime Minister of the region, ministers have worked in important positions in various Quebec governments. Claude Morin, as deputy minister of intergovernmental affairs, Jacques Parizeau as a senior economic minister, Bernard Landry in the ministry of natural resources, and Pierre Moreau in the ministry of education.

Although it is an anomaly in terms of the operating ministers may prove interesting to watch Guy Joron, the new minister of energy, had just published a book before the election attacking growth, consumption and waste in society. Joron, a former stockbroker severely criticized the energy planning being done by Hydro-Québec (for which he is now the minister responsible). Another surprise appointment was Jacques Cauchet as Minister of Labor. A worker-prince who ran against

Jean Drapeau for the Montreal mayoralty in 1976, he was pledged to ask cabinet to raise the minimum wage to three dollars an hour.

Barreath the sort of test of early orientation, there is some sense in the party's left wing. Several supporters in the former ministries were upset that Robert Bourassa did not get the justice portfolio he had hoped for (it went to Lévesque's legal and reputed political conservative, Mario André Bedard), and that the left did not have more clout in the decisions the party will be taking. Although Bourassa on the previous night had told supporters in the divisional and constituency party meetings, areas that are not likely to anger the powerful economic interests on the prairies.

But despite these concerns, there was an overall mood of satisfaction among PQ supporters. One labor minister, after hearing some jabs and banterers who had reportedly refused invitations as candidates because the right wasn't supposed to win, observed smugly: "Well, at least the PQ formed the government before the real bourgeoisie got at the bandwagon."

GRAHAM PRASER

OTTAWA

Taking off on Otto

The airplane has become the vehicle of modern politics. Lyndon Johnson took off in his U.S. Air Force One flight from Dallas Fort Worth last week to meet his statutory post for his last remarks during a trip with John Dean. The Ontario government of Premier William Davis was tarnished by disclosure that ministers were pocketing an annual government subsidy. Now in Ottawa, Toronto Mayor Otto Lang has announced heavy fuel subsidies for farmers, as he put it, as "a high flying guy."

The latest installment in Lang's air saga was his misguided effort last month to arrange a flight, Armed Forces flight home to Scotland for a 21-year-old manne who had run far from his Lang's seven children (Lang's wife, Adrian, is his aquarist, full-time post secretary). The affair was instantly dubbed "Nanogay."

Lang's tribulations were compounded because the money gap followed hard on disclosures related to the "Cassius" that had use of government-owned executive jets. (John Davis had a \$10,000-a-month \$24,000—a big enough check of the multimillion-dollar fee for maintaining a fleet of four Lockheed Jetstar, two Vickers and a Beechcraft King Air for use by ministers as government business. Lang argued that his 13 trips (averaging \$2,000 a miles a year) was a "legitimate" part of doing his job as a minister with na-

Yves d'Amours came to Ottawa yesterday to question the minister of communications over the cost of office perks.

word sentiments and an Trudeau's Prime political host. In an average 16-hour working week, Lang argues, he needs to leave the time he would lose taking ceremonial flights.

The no-pain, Comecon and jeans restriction has not come in as a worse time for the 44-year-old Lang, a former dormitory Rhodes Scholar and former University of Saskatchewan dean of law, whom Trudeau once described as "perhaps the most intelligent and articulate member of cabinet, myself included." Lang has been trying, with his best, to recover from the disastrous backlashes in Quebec to his element of the air traffic control dispute. That situation still festers and, with his new troubles, some say Lang's bright star has been extinguished. "He could have been the next Prime Minister," says a Lang associate. "But now, his credibility is finished."

Ohio Lang, a the newly-matured politician whose hubris seems limitless, now orders his going through "the worst" period of his public life. He is being attacked in caucus by his own colleagues and, most painful of all, he is not being defended publicly by anyone. "This," says Adrienne Lang, "must be get-them-Lang year." Lang, however, plans to stick it out. "I used to be afraid of making a worse mistake," he says. "In politics there is always an rebuilding process."

There is a fine line, which is not always sharply etched, between trips for government business and for political purposes. Forty-six of Lang's flights, for example, were to his Saskatchewan riding, and several flights were taken on weekends. One trip included a stopover in Regina for a party given by his brother-in-law, Tony Merchant, and the passengers included aides and members of the National Press Club Band (Many news organizations, MacLean's included, pay for their reporters' trips on government planes.)

Agriculture Minister George Whalen, reportedly the second most frequent user of government aircraft, was accompanied by his wife or members of his family on 32 of his trips on government business between January, 1973, and October, 1975. In August, 1975, according to a secret memo leaked to the *Canadian Whistleblower*, Whalen took a "Viscount to Windsor Opt., to open a fair at a cost to the taxpayer of \$3,117." Whalen was the only passenger aboard the 26-seat plane and defended his solitude by explaining he had to read up on a certain cabinet document which would have been "impossible... travelling on Air Canada."

Cabinet Ministers are also caught to use two private jets and cars, staffed by servants and complete with their bedrooms, living and dining rooms and other luxuries. Official Commissions return to Tom Courchene's questions reveal the bill for cabinet minister use of the cars was about \$100,000 between April, 1974, and March of this year. When he was a cabinet minister, John Turner, for example, made three long-weekend trips by rail to Ottawa.



Adrienne and Otto Lang (Adrienne), Andrew Lang with MacGillivray (bottom); a magnificently dressed man in his Flying-machine



In July and August, Turner has a summer place nearby in Lake of the Woods. Indigenous Maureen Jean Chisholm has taken the government home to hunting on three weekends this year. Defense Minister Pierre Dutilleau took a two-week trip from Ottawa to Vancouver in the summer of 1975.

A third method of conveyance for men and their families is provided by the defense department's fleet of five Boeing 707 jets. They are mainly used to transport Armed Forces personnel between bases. But the Prime Minister customarily takes Boeing on his Europa travels and so does the family; regularly plus vacation around quite official visits abroad. In August, for example, Boeing transported 29 men, 26 wives, 43 dependents and four staffers. In September there were 30 men, 26 wives, 41 dependents and two staffers aboard the flights. In November the number of jacking men dropped to seven wives to one staff and dependents to two.

The last money, Elizabeth MacGillivray, was not one of last month's passengers although she came to Canada first on a flight from London to Ottawa in 1973. The Taoiseach had then had his head broken in a defense flight to Greenwich and the restoration operation, the lungs split at the cost of the \$100,000 commercial ticket with MacGillivray's Bach home in Dunfield in northeast Scotland, she said she "had a lovely time in Canada." But MacGillivray, who worked for \$200 a month and more and board, added, "being a nanny is not my life. If I could do anything, I guess I'd breed horses." She was anxious of the extent of the upper she had left in her jet with "Poor Mr. Lang," said MacGillivray. "I think they're really making a mountain out of a molehill."

ROBERT GUNN-FLYING LARSEN

The Easy Choice



Seagram's Five Star

The easy crowd-pleaser whenever good friends get together.
It's Canada's Rye Whisky.

All the world's a kitchen

For the Canadian team, winning the World Culinary Olympics wasn't everything. Beating the French was

By Marci McDonald

The competition down had not yet broken over Frankfurt's skyscrapers, but back stage in the Canadian practice kitchens at the 10th World Culinary Olympics, tension was so thick you could cut it with a passing knife. Pots bubbled like Strozzatagliati gave birth. Temps flared with the gusto of a flame. "Austerity," if anything, was not the go-getter's motto, announced Xavier Hocine, executive chef of Vancouver's Bayshore Inn, who plays the lion's role in his temporary role as the Canadian team's show-kitchen cook-a-dont. "Our Father, why are we here?" he began to mutter to himself. It was 7:35 a.m., with starting time for the second heat of the cold buffet event, seven streets at the city's van Mousquartlaide. Exhibition Annex only 55 minutes away, but all the heavenly implications of 100 cooking battles could not move the marathons poached in silence head that bent and jetty-eyed on the maternal way in from of him.

Chief Ulrich Falter of the British Columbia Vocational School here over a gran-

facial and red-eyed, Falter had had such reason for this silence. It was to be a masterpiece-waiting salmon in an imperceptible bath with art and surfing up over in head in a churning impeded page spread, a salmon to set as flange superlative two foot bread-dough. Falter and his Quail Pinot. Create albacore with puff-puffs, mackerel quail and bacon, each leather separately dredged and baked for the previous day's competition. This also the salmon's secret, and not to eat the salmon's separation from it and bed scraped only necessary before leaving here with a naked, uncooked fish spine in one hand and a flat-tickled clock. The other platters had all been dispatched to the grand hall where the jury

Clockwise from the right: Veronique aptly over his peloton; judge Eddie Poirier; unimpeachable the Canadian offering; Falter samples the Roasting lambs; this is the pre-arranged attack; a round of applause that saidly (and reluctantly) will never be summoned; and Roselyn Padden (far left) and Balkow prepare for the great taste-off



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wanted, but now, after three nights without sleep, if after more perfect than this last one if he were to score for a gold medal, had one was running out.

Finally he hoisted it in his white-coated arms and hand-carried it the square-mile across street and parking lot to the cathedral. Oblivious in the morning fog, consciousness, consciousness, all the time. The matador's sword, but the wine dropped before table he was off and running. A book sifted over the Lamb Chop and Glazed Pheasant Delicacy as he juggled fish bones and maggot shells, whipped aspic turbot crowned with red peppers and mussels into a dell pattern, then with one final flourish (missed it all) a piping al sparkling aspic diamonds. He had just wiped his mirrored tray in a pristine gleam and held the widow spots out to stand before the judges descended, score sheets at the ready and knife-sharp eyes on the lookout for the slightest maladjustment of an asparagus tip—all set to look fast, in this particular event, not taste. Suddenly one of the judges could no longer restrain himself like pulled out a pocket automatic camera and immortalized the moment—a moment that there would be a medal waiting for Falter at the end of the week, although he would not know for certain until that final moment.

Falter was still flushed with the prospect of victory as he told a reporter in a post-buffet interview. "You have to have endurance. You have to think positive. I had never made an Irishman on my life before, but you must say to yourself, 'I must be able to do it.' It's an attitude. You have to believe you have to prove and practice. You have to bring with the best in the world here, and the greatest experiences. After all, you've better chosen to represent your country."

Ah, take your Valerie Bertinelli and Bruce Jenner. Take your 1,500-race-trail girls, your shopkins and your high jumps. It may be inspiring to watch sexy Nadia Comaneci arch into a flawless parallel-bar finish and or Yaeli Almogov execute a 563-pound clean-and-jerk, but for sheer spine-tingling, heart-stirring drama and a bitter tug deep in the nostrils, nothing can compare with the World Century Olympics. While debate still rages over whether Gilbert Rival is the finest man in the world or Kharito Plashkov the strongest, for their skills and breathtaking performances nothing can match such knee-were-gomenous as when chisel-faced Peter in the sheathes, whose hula-hoop the lowly Max after all cannot live by deadlift alone.

If the champions of the pony have not yet come along, let public celebrations of their athletic accomplishments, has been the trial of the World Century Olympics. Founded the same year 1986 in Athens and held each Olympic year since, for one week every four years, teams from around the world gather at the Minnesota State in high-water suits and attempt to cook their

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Glockenwiese (from above): The St. Barth cheese
is melted to serve the judges cheese
and perhaps influence them in Holsteins
baker-off (and-off) with Camembert, but it
doesn't work. (Brockenhagen samples from
one of his team's cheesecakes; a plated
and decorated dessert is the best thing
to look like you're doing over Kreuz and
Merkleyen because a giant pie, shipped
from Gasselie because pike Macassar.



way to national glory—the meat and oilfield replicated by five glass-molded kitchens, the rest of the gastronomy by the deafening clatter of knife and fork in the adjacent 100-seat, fast-food-style restaurant. Here too, there is the same caravanning and rivalry, the instant exchange of national pride. The items of power judges and the spectators as to whether the Roman nose will detect, aided by the guiles of Frankfurt's angle, life and apple wine. Here too, are the superstars and the unforgettable anecdotes: the Mark Spitz of the wave, such as American captain Ferdinand Meot of the amazing cooking Metz family, his brother Reinhold, owner of the German room and fat father, an independent cold barbecue. And the stars of which culinary history are made—the towering Japanese vegetable waterfall and the American rauis-beef piano.

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be a Coast of Tide might have known about it, said in plain English with his prize-winning Salmo in Saguenay leaped by my perfect Aspinwall waders with mud-splashed heads and crimson-red caps and parasol-maiden-wear. Fred Shults of Toronto's Prince Hotel might have broken new ground with his plan of stacked bear blossoms and grizzly meat, but it was all academic compared to the test of the backcountry. If Canada were truly home with a pedestal, it was here over the hot stove. But the winning points would be scored—had the spousal points of an international nature that the country's environmentalists would be tested.

Captain Tony Rodriguez, the Spanish-born owner of two cooking Olympic and one of Tijuana's most celebrated chefs, spent hours last night and early this morning, still aghast over his team's late start and fears that their competition had walked off with his star chef. At home, where he commands the million-dollar earnings of the posh new Harbor Castle, he scarcely does a thing but has a state from walk to weak now days, creaking with paper cookery and the administrative shenanigans of an executive chef. But here where no executive chef was allowed, the chef himself had to face chopping his own girly and washing his own pots.

Brigade was Mass Kyrin, retired master of Quebec's Mount Royal horse-painter and a fine-time master, was a bundle of nerves. For weeks he had been at the place to Roldan, trying over German tanksman regulation which would not allow him to supply his personal supply of creosote or will-o'-the-wisps which is what he was. His unmerciful bosom tank of flesh and crying, "It's my reputation" so when Roldan had thereby replied, "We have stipulations do you know?" Kyrin had however come with fresh thyme, sage and sweet basil from his own garden, his stout broad of mustard and like such of that, his tasting swashed with his private collection.

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The Canadians were definitely a threat, he said. Then suddenly, it looked up before him, the final wise. The judges had arrived.

Tony Robins sprinted into action with a ducking broom, dusting off Swiss Raoul and George when popping a Gruyere cheese and a creamy puff pastry belle-bûche instantly onto the plate, all in less than 10 seconds, and the esteemed Swiss judge hit him. He chewed again. His eyes brightened behind spectacles. He chewed again. He nodded approval. He chewed yet again and whistled round and shook Tony Robins' hand. The other judges all did the same. "Bravo!" roared the

Dobias gant. "Hummus, hamon" graced the French. Hugs, claps and embracess spilled over the Canadian team's collective faces. Clearly they had cleared up on time service, display, sanitation, nutrition and speed. Now all that remained was the approval of the folkie pitifully Grenoble public. A band of hungry Frenchmen charged at their tables just past the glass window to snarl the head-judges that within one hour and 10 minutes ahead even of the respectable Swiss team, the Canadian kitchen was sold out of its 700 temporary ducklings and ham. For an added bonus, Robert Verheyen cracked his brow and stepped open a victory beer

with Hubert Schuck, raising cans to their transmitters. A beanie in a pipe cost a silver or gold medal; low just above their own chest group. But then, as other Canadian chefs crowded around with news from the cold buffet area, their faces fell like old soufflés. The French—the formidable French—had upstaged them. They had laid out a spectacle of massive sugarwork funeral bouquets under bell jars and a four-foot tall spaghetti statue of the Eiffel Tower from which that French Tricolore was unfurled. But the performance that had the culinary crew allwitter, the pièce de résistance, in typical wafer exact replica of France's historical Château des Hospices de Beaune, some of the aquavit ingeniously watered down, complete with panel assembly, mahogany tile roof and fountain, all made over 2,500 man hours by chef Jean-Pierre Legland of Paris' famed Castel Manoir Bistro. Flambé, out of 2,500 possible. Hans Haussknecht had failed when he saw it. "Boy, some cooks have dedication," Fred Zimmerman of the Calgary has think his head as wond'rent snapping a somewhat photo. "But who could eat a thing like that?"

On the morning of the fifth day of the 1984 Culinary Olympics, Tony Robins woke up with nightmares of jaywalkers. Maxell Tibreath of Nova Scotia's Celtic Lodge broke down in a cross-over carved repartee. Backstage, in the Canadian practice kitchen, chris had not slept for days, most recently like Tassan's Fred Stahel. For stearns over millennia this gastronome sliced from leatherlike steaks and painstakingly assembled an aquavit. Propelled by the drive for excellence and wake-up calls, Stahel's only rest of the entire competition was the few minutes he had snatched off during a chef's meeting now with nervous women in a float, an ex-planner had boiled over in the kitchen when he discovered that captain Tony Robins had snatched his previous plates from the paddle a day after judging in order to salvage the team's position in the international Canadian team's final competitive eating race. This particular meal had gone back years to a previous post-war but in the world of the white heat it was not unusual. Tony Robins' best friend, a former master under him at Tassan's Wadbury Hotel, never again spoke after Robins called him down in front of the entire kitchen staff for failing to wash his money. Now, wages had been raised, meals had been flung. However, the entire team worked in deadly silence and silence, 26 chefs each of them undeployed stars of their own kitchens, forced here to submerge processed food again to hash together for the national interest over maximum Canada goes para-militarized last by law one of aniseed, incense cones blooming out of tomatoes, our previous market basket carved out of kum melon



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vast cold buffet area, by the spirit of their confectionaries, tables sagging with trays of chocolate masterly, stands spilling over with new records set in purity and cleanliness. An American sugar statue of the Spirit of '76, perching on a stone manger. A gigantic 10-tiered wedding cake encircled with the portraits of every U.S. president, disgorging festive fare from a key swinging door. There was a six-foot Dutch windmill made simple by shaggy, fuzzy rug rug. A Southern festal featuring lobsters, roast chicken, biscuits on the half shell and long ears—every menuet sculpted out of marzipan. And an 800-square-foot arched with a bust of Mozart and other music from

Piano-Cassiope Number One inscribed in lyrical chocolate. Everywhere there were cakes, turned into robes, butterflies turned into black hats, decorated double torte's turned into violin and lute bows turned into little white-bladed chef knives. Nothing was uncarved.

After a while, the mind bogged before the magnificence of *Phantasie Meissenwiese* and *Froissé de Roche*. But at Crustace the owners of shaggy-fried trout and trackless of truffles. The eyes glazed over with delight. As crowds poured into the Metropolitaine, the two previous owners and Conrad Fith's chocolate train began to bristle on its last spike. Once on Union started to wilt and

drabble. Standing in front of a those-foot replica of Berth's *Stege Stein* Monument or gilt-trimmed dark classical, the nose caught the unsmakable aroma of mostly salutes mousee defying by All the stomach yearned for was a simple green salad. And in the brain, the same nagging question took shape: what was all this for? Not an ounce of food would be eaten, an after ion of it consigned to the garbage by German law (including 2,000 pounds of Canadian groceries). "Traffic can cost dollars in losses and less people throw them around like handkerchiefs," said one chef. "We've had enough ingots in wallets a while back in a world where people are starving, should we be allowed to do this? It's a question of morality." But the chef wouldn't allow his name to be used. This was a debate where answers ran hot.

"Half this food were given to charity (the really needy, probably wouldn't get it anyway, in reality," said Ulrich Stahl, waving off the inevitable. "And we have the opportunity to participate against the backdrop in the world with a dramatic amount of special skills which are not too often used anymore. In the daily job you don't get the kind of workload."

"Even if you lose, you get better what the top men everywhere are doing," snatched Fred Stahl, who had more medals than any of the men in his business. "You gain inspiration for your work. I now something today with an apple that was brilliant, absolutely brilliant."

And of course, like the outrage-prone anti-domestic warms, at the end of the 100-meter buckeroo race, there was also the prospect of payback—the prurient-looking footlong to stick on a memo the pathology even the spreading of the whole patrician Paul Bocuse, the legendary lion of Lyon, had not noticed in you. The Frenchman, the smoking champion, for in France ever since Puffin's first raid on the Ligurian *Albergo*, has been lauded and derided. "In Canada, we're still fighting not to be classified domestic help," said Tony Reddin, still surveying the madcap engine house of loss. Reddin too had his doubts. "This is cooking in the old style," he said. "La grande cuisine stopped 100 years ago and has never evolved. Who wants a turkey that doesn't look like a turkey? Who eats bland bread, stinks anyone—all that white? Some of these places look so perfect to me. No soul or moisture, nothing in business if it isn't spent six hours over a tray of hen feathers for eight. One hundred years from now nobody will be cooking like that—it will all be simplicity and taste, that's all."

Rudkin himself, a one-man swindler, scarcely touches caress anymore—a rigorously adherent of the concept that had sent his grande cuisine spiraling dumbly into a decline, the die. He ate only one meal a day. On the first night in *Franseria*, he joined five other Toronto chefs for dinner on the

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Above, five members of the 20-chef Canadian team. Verchovsky, Scherer, Pichot, Gagnon and Kretz. Right, the French girls do rotisserie, a never-fail specialty of the Hyatt Tower (opposite) with Tricoley built entirely of Chateaubriand and spaghetti.



town, and a reporter who had rugged along with them, hoping for gourmet padawan had been somewhat surprised when the plates around him were sausages and sandwiches. "If I spend a lot of money on a meal, I'm very critical. This is fine," Rollins explained.

In Frankfurt's Congress Hall just across from the hot kitchen, expectations were burning. Here, only four days earlier, every national team had marched in wearing in whites and waving in country's banner and flag as the roar of the crowd and the strains of a children's band chimed in while high hats and sashes. It was a spectacle to remember, but now the chefs sat in their national team blazers at the same face, waving for the moment they had all striven over so long. On the stage, a blinding array of silver trays, gold medallions and the emblazoned gowns of the World Cupcake of Gold, surrounded the women from the bottom up. A hush fell. Then he entered the words. Third place went to the United States and France. The Americans were overjoyed as they marched in the podium. French leader Auguste Gelet surrendered a miffed sugar by. Then the next announcement rang out, in second place, Canada! The announcement that the Swiss had placed first was drowned out by wild Canadian cheers and sausages flying high. Marcel Kretz's wife clapped and fistbumps popped. "To hell out the French," Ulrich Feller roared his eyes. The sweet taste of victory lay on all these

tips as the green-bloused waiters were slipped over their ankles and Canada counted up its toll of 30 gold, 24 like butter, the accolades which are subject to the vicissitudes of time and interpretation. The triumph was theirs. Two hours later, the gastronomic revelry had turned into a celebration of the nonchalant. Canadian chefs crowded into a hotel ballroom only to find they wouldn't get seats. They sat down to their own handily-laid tables under the half-like head chef. The exhaustion, the hours of pressure and personal sacrifice flooded in as some of those Jean-Sauzé brooks down and sobbed. Tony Rollins beamed and threatened to go out for a cigarrette. "It's the third time I come here and the third time I go to get to know the food." But hours later, chewing over a lobstar tail, he was already talking about the next cooking Olympics. There was no idea fit had for a tiddly oyster.



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I'm OK and you're OK, but that's not good enough

Originally the purpose of psychotherapy was to make sick people well, but today its role is increasingly to make well people better

By Elaine Dewar



The hands gleam. The walls and floor of the narrow studio cradle the shined-silken petals of oil molecules between warm palms. The fingers are bent deeply, soft, supple and strong, knowing nothing else except an urgent need to be human. The muscles in the cold oak rule-based factory snaking the end rag of skin goes fleshy in middle age. As the curves of Julianne Barnes's face swell through the hidden space speaker, a deep sigh of contentment wells from the client's throat. The massage begins.

Her name is Anne. She lies on the high, finely-curved white made, exposed vulnerable pink baby-sued, toes curled in pleasure. The hands tug behind her neck, dig into the top of her sped volvola trace their way through her short, brown-grey hair. The fingers push at the perma-

gant brown in her forehead, slide down her short broad nose, into the fiery cheeks, past the small open-flowing invertedly closed blue eyes. Anne's pelvis bows, arches up, lengthening. The hands glide down the neck, back fingers encircling the thin flesh cover on the nape bones, pushing on to the soft, yielding breasts.

The touch at once hot hands as the hands knead the abdomen, push through the soft, fatty tissue in the loose muscle below, the stomach slides away under the pressing, moving back, full and round as the hands pass on. Over the crest of the thigh down over the bony cap of the right hip, the hands pause to scratch out a knot in the calf, smooth the tender flesh behind the knee, skin on down over the top of the foot, dig into a ball, pull on each and every toe. Anne's almost asleep

now, her breath, ragged, but regular, wheezes through her nose as the hands roll, shape, push out the pout of the long day.

Anne has come to this place to grow and change. Not that life is *so bad*, she has insisted recently from a year abroad where she finished her degree in sociology at the age of 43. But while she is proud of her achievements, small doubts and tiny pauses have begun to crowd in.

The year in school ended in an inexplicable depression ("I couldn't seem to get out of my apartment"). She found herself unwilling to see old friends, unable to talk with her estranged husband. Social drinking was turning into something more ("I can't seem to get through the day without a drink. I think the bottle's gone"). So earlier this same day she hit

Alexandra (right), founder Julianne Barnes and masseuse Pat Kiel helping to bring body and soul into harmony (far left) from *private access to massaging*, from page 16

gasps of personal transformation. Joyce Jones, a psychotherapist trained into the new mysteries of human potential, agreed to take her on in an "intensive" experience at her growth centre. Alexandra just outside Toronto, Jones had tried to help Anne break through the tightness, tightrope of self-doubt in a "present" session that afternoon, but it had not been successful. Anne, her rocky frame bristled on a long-sited matress in the Abraaii encaustic room, failed to come to grips. Ranting the long chains of a painful childhood, she had tried to over-



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from the past, but Mommy had remained a black hole. Daddy could not be reassured. Anna is giving herself up to the search for her father, and will stop for nothing in the voyage of self-discovery that is well underway for the next three days. At Abreton, all facets of humanism (including that many knot in the right shoulder) are seen as one.

Abreton is something new, a supermarket of the soul, a mind-body shop for the fine-tuning of the human spirit. In this growth centre you can face down the niggling insecurities that were endemic to us all—the night creeping fear that go hand in hand with having no worth, the silly grapes and knots in the belly that cause face flushing lost in a crowded personnel meeting like Abreton is a place for physical and psychic healing, a place where you can get anything you want from group therapy to bioenergetics, from yoga to endorphinosis, from primal therapy to steady money flow behaviour therapy or art therapy. Even the mundane pleasures of wood-shedding and housecleaning can fit you in. This is not new, Abreton is the old, it's just being rediscovered. It is a product of something known in psychological circles as the human potential movement—a fundamentally diverse group of individuals dedicated to freedom from cultural restraints and the pursuit of the very best that can be separated out of each of us. Just twenty-five years ago a place such as Abreton would have been unthinkable but in that short time the human potential movement has revolutionized the way we think about ourselves. It has opened the field of human evolution from the streets to the hidden world of the individual soul, spirit, from the sexual group to the self.

That there is need for new voices is abundantly clear. In spite of peace (say because of oil-induced affluence) we seem to seek deeper, year by year, into an expensive nation of suffering. According to the Canadian Mental Health Association, in our lifetime this year will be hospitalized for the treatment of some seven million disabled Canadians in their lives. The same organization estimates that 50% of all deaths coming to the attention of family doctors is due to some kind of emotional problem, and that about one third of the population of this country has suffered temporary disability from emotional difficulties. "Mental" illness now disables more Canadians than all other diseases combined. From April, 1972 to March, 1973, the Ontario Health Insurance Plan 10492 paid out \$11,736,238.16 to psychiatrists and \$8,187,777.07 to physicians for psychiatric services rendered, the bulk of that to individuals seeking psychotherapy. By 1974-75, the figures look even dramatically to \$23,670,342.34 and \$12,344,795.35 respectively. In a study sponsored by the Mental Health Association in 1974, Dr. Nor-



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ian W. Bell and Stockbridge University economist Thornton T. Bradbury estimated that in 1971 the direct medical costs of our mental health system (including hospital stay) by institutions, payment to physicians, drugs and administration amounted to between \$682,157,000 and \$844,850,000. Adding on such indirect costs as lost production brought the total up to much more than a billion dollars and the toll keeps mounting. We're spending more than a billion dollars year on mental illness and no one even knows precisely what's wrong. According to the World Health Organization, the causes of many of the most common and disabling mental disorders—schizophrenia, manic and depressive psychoses—are yet unknown.

The people sailing through hospital wards, outpatient clinics and psychiatric offices are just the foam on the wave. There is no way to count the numbers of people such as Alice who seek out the services of psychologists and social workers in private practice at work, in the schools, or through the manifold family service organizations across the country. And it's impossible to find out how many dip into the demands of out-of-institution represented by weekend group treatment, partial groups, institutional analysis,



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as groups, or bioenergetic body workshops. As psychotherapists Japan sees itself, their problems add up to "a sense of the soul." These express their feelings of emptiness stem from a sense that their lives have "no meaning."

North America has gone through an enormous cultural shift since the Second World War. Where we once turned to religion and social pluralism, to the community and to God to fill up the holes in us souls, we now turn to therapists.

New ideas about how men can be set free from the punishing restrictions of society pointed together into the building that was the Sixties. It was Sigmund Freud, of course, who opened the floodgates. Freud's emphasis on the unconscious influenced American psychiatry in the Thirties; psychiatry's preoccupation with sex was a small aspect of general medicine. In those simple times it had been easy to separate the mentally ill from the healthy; it was presented as morally ill; bad some basic constitutional fault. Sick people seemed crazy or embarrassed in public. They had voices, loud voices. They were hysterical, they turned three times to the Wall. The doctor that could be of use for them was to make them sit away from prying eyes and then lock them up for three days behind closed doors.

Fried changed these views irrevocably when he apparently demonstrated through case studies that there was a better way to look at general disease than "constitutionalism." This clinical work suggested to him that repeated and prolonged emotions could make people sick. He maintained patients considered as skeptics in the early years) that regression of personality led to symptoms such as hysteria, acting out, fainting, numbness. He also apparently demonstrated that if deeply hidden fears and unacceptable fantasies were caused into the light of day, while shown and understood, the symptoms associated with many diseases could be eliminated. Indeed, once given open expression, his basic and associated emotions could bring about dramatic remission of those body and mind problems which had been causing us misery and pain.

But Freud's analysis of the relationship between culture and personality was at once bleak. He believed that all societies were necessarily repressive and that individual expression had to be curtailed to make social life possible. That individuals could hope for was to establish an uncomfortable balance between their dreams and societal demands. However, some of his followers were not satisfied with that pessimistic view. Some, like Carl Jung and Alfred Adler, believed that there was a

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therapeutic decisions. No one, however, deviated from Freud's intent so far or so fast as the transplanted wild man of American psychotherapy, Wilhelm Reich.

In the Thirties, Reich suggested that if culture's restrictive demands on individuals made them ill, the thing to do was break the rules that had. Reich wanted to let the natural and—in his view—good instincts have their way. He believed that if human beings were allowed to express their sexuality freely, culture would change to reflect the healthy individual within it. In the 1950s, Reich had translated theory into the practice of various "erotic" therapies. His revolutionary doctoral thesis, "Nature and technique in the United States and abroad" in a French dissertation in 1957, described a shock that among the liberated spans of the 1960s, his strange theories persisted and flourished in new forms, as body therapies such as homoeopathy.

After the Second World War the small science of psychology was also beginning to grow. Psychotherapy was no longer to be the exclusive preserve of psychiatrists and physicians. Trying desperately to establish itself, psychology in the Forties and Fifties became rapidly empirical, honing down hypotheses that could be tested. The dominant flavor of psychology in this period was "behavioral." Encouraging the steady drift of consciousness, which couldn't, after all, be quantified, the psychologists stuck firmly to the principle that all one could see test and modify about individuals was their behavior. In the Twenties and Thirties, behaviorists had obtained interesting results concerning the behavior of animals in the lab. In the Forties they began to apply the results to human beings. By the late Fifties, the principles of a "behaviorist" were tried out in experiments in social institutions and prisons. Good behavior was rewarded with privileges, but behavior punished by the loss of privileges, was rarely recorded, that the behavior of inmates changed with the changes in conditions.

By the middle of the 1960s, the principles of behavioral modification were being applied clinically to individuals and were becoming extremely popular. Behavior therapists were fast, they dealt only with symptoms, never with underlying causes, and they could be seen to work when the symptom could be clearly defined. Throughout the late Fifties and into the Sixties, the principles of behaviorism were also being applied outside clinical psychology, in policy planning by governments and in large corporations. Behaviorism practically took over university psychology departments, schools of social work, and departments of education, by presenting a rare straightforward view of what made people tick. Social environment was the key to changing personality, not rigorous individual effort.

Another important set of ideas began to flood the world of psychotherapy in the early Fifties, but they had more to do with the immorality of the patient than with the questions of culture versus personality. The goal of Freudian psychoanalysis was to make the patient aware and, through awareness, responsible for his own actions. The problem was that the patient tended to treat the therapist as if he were a father who could tell him what to do and how to do it. A sense of personal responsibility could not be much valued in the client if he perceived the therapist as the source of authority. Freud called this problem "transference" (the analyst took the place of the patient's father) and the methods devised by psychoanalysts to avoid transferring were formidable to behold. Dr. Howard Eisberg, a Toronto medical psychotherapist describes traditional psychoanalysis this way: "We were told various things like...oh, you're acting opposite the patient in your office and he seems trying and he doesn't have any friends and you don't have any on your desk because you have some in your pocket, don't give it to him because you'll compromise the transference. I wish I could tell you I'm exaggerating but I'm not."

In 1957 an American psychologist named Carl Rogers wrote a book called "Client-Centered Therapy" in which he advocated therapy by suggesting two remarkable observations. Psychiatrist Perry Lyden described them for Psychology Today in June, 1974: "Rogers found that books, friends and many other enterprises of everyday life provide therapy for some people. He maintained that the therapist's enterprise was part of normalization. Many professionals took it for granted that psychotherapy had to be done in a consulting room by a trained professional to count as therapy at all." Rogers pointed out that with psychoanalysis by saying that the therapist should influence his patient, but he almost interpreted the client's statements and that all this could be done in accordance with what the client wanted to get out of his therapy. Rogers opposed the close to the uniformly treated therapist by emphasizing the importance of "acceptance" and "concern" in the therapeutic relationship. Within 10 years, his idea had become more than just acceptance as the therapeutic environment.

While Rogers demonstrated therapy, other new methods were cropping up. They would pit within the financial reach of almost everyone. Group therapy developed out of a fusion of group dynamics (a small branch of social psychology), psychotherapy, and work that had been done in the Thirties with groups in psychiatric hospitals. In 1946, the National Training Laboratories at Bethel, Maine, were founded to do research into how small groups could be used to solve large organizational problems in business and government. But one of the by-products of

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that work began to dwarf the original intent. The researchers discovered almost by accident, that group techniques became more important than the group discussion was in the original "way". The main focus of the group became the meeting rather than the problems back at the plant. The people at first, played around with different types of groups for five years until they hit on a method that worked and began running group leaders. The T-group was born.

In the early 1960s, the Esalen Institute which had coaxed with NLP, and borrowed their group techniques for its own purposes was founded in California. At Esalen, group meetings were called sessions and were directed toward individual development rather than group action. Esalen's encounter groups caught the public's imagination. Group work joined the consciousness of psychotherapy.

But it remained for two men from quite different traditions to pull together the new ideas in psychotherapy, those with the older wisdoms of the Orient, and complete the revolution. One was a simple, chain-smoking, crusty ex-Fascist named Fritz Perls. A German Jew, Perls was born in Berlin in 1893. He completed a doctorate in medicine at Frederick Wilhelm University in 1921, trained as a physician, studied with the leading proponents of gestalt psychology and worked briefly with Wilhelm Reich. By the time he broke with Freud (after some years of spending the psychoanalytic gospel) in South Africa he had written on the basis of a whole new theory based on a wide range of influences. For Perls, people could only do as much good if they were seen as integrated organisms. Specifically, were Eastern notions about health from the Taoist tradition, the idea that health was a condition of balance (in opposition, a right relationship between the organism and the environment); he skipped away the analysis of past experience and substituted the "here and now" as the focus for therapy. The goal of Perls' therapy was to make realize one's spontaneous, aware, responsible, and open to the needs of our bodies. His method was built around the sense of lifting about and understanding old, out-of-date and profoundly erroneous. For Perls, good therapy encouraged the wisdom of the body to speak out. The good therapist helped the patient listen to himself (as in the "truths of the organism"), helped him death "old business" by expressing current feelings about past experiences, and above all provided a safe atmosphere in which to be experimental to try out new ways of being that could be more satisfactory to the individual.

By the 1960s, Perls' gestalt therapy was growing progressively more popular in North America. Perls set up a training institution in Cleveland, made plans for the gestalt group process in Esalen, and in 1969 before he died, opened an institute in Canada at Cowichan Bay. By 1972, another



Perls the guru for the 'here and now'

training institute had opened in Toronto, and in January the students expense to open a gestalt centre in Ottawa.

Gestalt therapy grew in influence because it tied together so many other ideas. Perls' restatement of Reich's ideas about the importance of using the body in therapy, of expressing feelings in therapy seemed right in the States. Perls also incorporated some of the behaviorist insights of avoiding the problems of the past and dealing with difficulties in the present but it was Perls' ideas about health that had the biggest impact. He believed healthy people were not fundamentally different from sick people just further along in the business of meeting their needs of growing and developing in harmony with the environment. Sick people suffered because their growth was somehow blocked; the process of moving toward health involved removing those blocks. Gestalt therapy ultimately was more than a cure. It was a philosophy of life, with growth and change as fundamental imperatives.

But it was Abraham Maslow, an American psychologist who taught at the West Coast Behavioral Sciences Institute in California and at Brandeis University, who closed the circle, putting all these strands of thought together. In the Thirties, as a student, Maslow had been enticed with psychology's single-minded devotion to the study of pathology. He embarked instead on something that intrigued him more, the study of healthy human beings.

Two of his teachers, whom he considered healthy, happy, strong, and just and good, provided the models. Maslow realized that if he could only privately establish what it was that made them so much more fulfilled than the rest of us, we could all learn to "become" ourselves. Maslow believed that human beings could be taught to reach full potential. Wretched psychology got out of a value-free universe and plunged it headlong into a study of the good, the true and the meaningful. Psychology had come back to Greek roots, back to the Greeks' ideas about what the study of the soul was for.

By 1967, when Maslow was head of the

American Psychological Association, he was talking about analysis this way: "By now we have learned very well that it is heterocultural nervousness as either related to spiritual disorders or the loss of meaning...underlies our failing. There are still tangles away from Carl Rogers' theories." For Maslow, the answer was easy: "If health and illness are seen as obsolete, as also means to the ends of corporis de timentia et cor, another revolution is due; that must be disturbed and reorganized." The role of Maslow's therapist became no more but to aid in the discovery of that new aesthetic, spiritual self. Therapist and patient had become one. And everybody could be a therapist.

Well that's what we'd all have wanted for. Nobody was really sick, and while very few were really well, we had ourselves a prescription. Health and gratification had come to us in the same thing. Who had had tremendous intra-psychic pain? One therapist's idea for meeting them were as good as the next guy's.

Good ideas became philosophies only in the right time and place. North America was a fabulously receptive stopover in the mid-Sixties. The students were revolting against authority and tradition and the war and were raising the holy banner of "irrelevance" in education. The hippies were inpping and screwing and running away from home. Women were having abortions, blocking sterilization for a place over at the trough and taking the lessons to heart. Social roles were burnt under, social rules tossed in the garbage heap. A new generation born in utero, raised in affluence, with nothing to fear but itself was hungry for another kind of riches—the riches of experience. Some were willing to begin trying to hold on to something and keep it. Other people were good and by God, could be even better. The lessons of history meant nothing—were we not in a new world that no one but us could understand. Everything new and shiny bright, every gain plan for change, was welcomed, nay, even demanded.

The social revolution that led to the making of the times lit up the people making the spiritual revolution in psychotherapy. Such people as Rogers, Perls and Maslow were talking to each other in the little institutes in California, where people were frantically searching for new ways to leave outside the mainstream. People in psychology, sociology and social psychology were influenced by what was going on at places like the Esalen Institute in California. They met there, encountered there, took off their clothes together, massaged together, experienced together and went back to the university common room with some uncommon ideas about expressing feelings. Esalen was a bubbling hotbed, mixing new ideas together and sending everyone home with their own lot of stuck to start a fire brew somewhere else. Fritz Perls introduced gestalt to Esalen. Alexander Lowen introduced bioenergetics (a Reichenbach soma therapy) to Esalen. Ida Rolf introduced her body-sculpting massage to Esalen. Eastern ideas were mixed in by Guo Fu Feng, who started teaching Tai Chi Chuan at Esalen and by Alan Watts with his middle-class road to Zen.

The Esalen experience was open to anyone. And it was cheap, much cheaper and much more exciting than the older forms of personal change psychotherapy in which the therapist and one client thrashed it out for two or three years at \$50 a session. At Esalen you paid less than about \$300 for five days' worth of anything goes. Zoro, Mattie, director of Toronto's Gestalt Institute, went to Esalen in 1967 and discovered a whole new world. A beautiful young woman had been experimenting with Gestalt therapy (now known as Esalenian massage) and Zoro tried the treatment. "I'll never forget it. We sat together man and woman, without any clothes on in a hot, steaming tub of water. In the late Sixties, to sit in a tub, man and woman—wow!" Goodbody, everyone doffed ours and I was left there alone on top for that beautiful creature. She asked me if I wanted a massage and I said, "Yes, but I don't know where the masseuse is," and she said, "I'm the masseuse." She took my hand and led me to the massage table and I thought I can take it, ala God. Thank God thoughts didn't last long. But gradually all that muscle tension just drifted off. It was the most incredible experience." It was the kind of high as drug could give you, take off your clothes with a bunch of friends, go to a sauna or the pool of your life to a bunch of strangers, to get close to a naked lady you'd never seen before who was not a hooker, but there to serve your needs—so help you play with your Self.

Thousands of people passed through Esalen, went home to other parts of the United States, to Canada, to Europe and started their own growth centres and a hundred plus art and therapeutic departments, music, dance, drama, writing, performances. The good was growth through experience, the way as through release of feeling. The marker for the growth experience had already been tested by the success of population therapy books such as William Glasser's Reality Therapy and Eric Berne's Games People Play which became best sellers in the mid-Sixties. But people wanted more than books, they wanted the real drug. So therapists, sometimes with just a few weeks training in the shiny new modalities, began hanging out their shingle as gendarmes, heterogenizers, prenatal therapists, yoga therapists. Julie Barnes thinks that it almost killed off the movement. "God people have put me down on resumes as their spiritual trainer after they've been through two weekend sessions here. Most of these growth centers were primarily posted at weekend groupers, there was no depthful operation going on."

By 1972 the human growth movement



had reached a frenzied peak. It had burned out quickly from the foundation laid by Perls and Maslow, and all kinds of exotic approaches byways Psycho Today an American magazine getting rich off the interest Americans were showing in things psychological. And to give it a fix, and, but not exhausted, for a lot of the new therapies they knew about. There were 40.

By 1976, the cult of Self had reached such dimensions that Tom Wolfe was moved to write in the *Satirist* "The Me Decade" in the pages of New York magazine Christopher Lasch, writing in the *New York Review of Books*, preferred another title—the Measles Society. Whatever you call the phenomenon, that's the human potential movement there is no room in it is reaching into all our lives. Everyone wants to grow and change. Meeting your own needs is a motherhood issue. Everyone wants to be nourished and supported while they grow strong and become bold. The resolution one was not, we're healthy enough to take it. Anorge Rosner put it: "Anything to do with a man."

The only question is whether the new therapies are really therapeutic.

Ahern's struggles softly enter the established narrative of the Rockley Valley, 34 miles northeast of the brick and asphalt sprawl around Toronto's Malton airport. The valley stands up on its, in isolating rift of small rounded hills, hardwood forests, winding streams, surrounded by the dark, low hills back of the city. Land values are up in the stratosphere, 300 acres of prime residential land down the street, a sprawling gravel road leading to Ahern's are now on the market for \$300,000.

You walk down the steep wooded road from the parking lot, turn around a sharp bend and suddenly you're in the middle earth, or maybe it's the Land of Oz. Off to the right is a huge rectangular square log barn, with new wood-sash double doors. Inside, three quarters of the barn's spine has been left open for group encounters. The rest is divided into bedrooms (right), bathrooms, therapy rooms, a massage room, a sauna, and a 30-foot indoor swimming pool and a Jacuzzi bath. Outside the barn sits a asphalt tennis court. And, oh yes, one of Joyce Jones' wretched clowns grand that greets one corner of the barn's main room.

Beyond the barn is the farmhouse. It sits perched on a small ledge of land facing east on rolling hills that constitute themselves between thick stands of pine to the north and the red and gold flush of hardwood forest to the south. The house is built on the outside, more built around and inside than on the outside. Built by three separate masons, a remnant she house that Joyce Jones built. The round window in the front (with the fieldstone



President of the arena and future headquarters

sheepherd for show and the Ashley stove for heat) was her idea. The elegant French double doors in the dining room (made from old everyday doors and varnished up with new brass fittings) were her idea. The cedar-paneled walls, so warm, so soft, that cover every one of the 25 beds-on-the-property were her idea. In fact Ahern's doesn't even begin with her: "Werner Erhard is cushioning us from the smallest outside swimming pool and the arts and crafts shop behind the house) was her idea. At \$300,000 investment to her abhorrence of traditional treatment centers, a \$300,000 tax for her satisfaction of the therapeutic personality.

At 40, Joyce Jones looks at the barnyard of a high-school basketball court, circa 1966. Her short blonde hair is almost monochrome, but it's cut unusually. Her eyes are large and hooded, but they catch and hold and nod to you. Her mouth is kept thin. Her lips are sharply defined like Clark Gable's. Her voice is soft and throaty, more like a whisper than a word. Nudity and her comfortable way with others' bodies is part of the experience, but she's serious about what her mother would say if she could see her prancing naked in the sunroom shared by men and women. She's been trained in psychology and speech therapy like her sis from Ann Arbor, but when she describes what she does she illogically glorifies it: "I was watching an animal being castrated and, to the other night, and I suddenly felt very uncomfortable. And then it hit me. If I just substituted my words for his, he was doing something else."

Ahern was started two years ago by Joyce, her husband Arthur Arthur, a psychiatrist, John Boyd, an educator for 25 years, and his wife, Edith, a masseuse. Originally the property was used for recreation by the Jones family. You gradually both Joyce and Arthur began bringing clients up on weekends. They found the atmosphere beneficial. So did the therapist who compares it to the medieval flavor of the psychiatric wing at Toronto General Hospital where Arthur practiced for several years, or to the outpatients clinic at Toronto's Queen Street Mental Health Clinic where Joyce Jones worked from 1959 until last March.

Maintaining an editorial atmosphere is

crucial to Joyce. Ever since she started working at Queen Street she's hated mental institutions. "The very first thing that turned me off was seeing some of the patients who would up in their beds and never move. Some of them had been in there for 20 years!" And then there was the shock of seeing people undergo electroconvulsive therapy (ect). "I went through periods when I just wanted to wring the muscles"—the whiplike hands raised her hair. "I thought, how about how I could do it, how could it be done taking an ax to him? It never did any good. I saw the patients and I just thought like you kill the George?"

Of course, creating the right atmosphere costs money, so it's no surprise that money is never-ending source of conversation at Ahern's. The clients have no stash. Ahern's has two kids: John Boyd and Joyce Jones are fostered by the founder of Spyman in the United States, who has managed to amass a \$21-million fortune for himself, and by Werner Erhard's estate, which has set it up. "Werner Erhard is just as bad as us," Joyce says. "He's got the same kind of snobbery as we do." "Werner Erhard is cushioning us from the smallest outside swimming pool and the arts and crafts shop behind the house) was her idea. At \$300,000 investment to her abhorrence of traditional treatment centers, a \$300,000 tax for her satisfaction of the therapeutic personality.

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Ahern was started two years ago by

such either, we have to do it in kind follow-through in the world."

Anne prepared. She's shaved, she's taken showers, she's washed the bags full of Abram's shaving, foraging, foraging her Self. She will take the paternal, more ready for crop steps on her morning expedition. The room is dark close Anne, dressed only in a thin purple robe, lies down on a mattress, eyes pointing in the ceiling. Joyce sits back, shaking her head.

It begins with a simple thing. The placement of the tape recorder by her head brings off flecks of hair from a matress. Being rapped, Joyce pauses, her voice soft at first. "Can you go with that fear?"

"Oh boy," says Anne, "I guess I'll stay back in grade one. I know I couldn't do it. Every year in school, layers and layers and layers of having to do it. Oh, she is the first time in my life I go through the whole drug well. I passed." Her voice is sliding up to register. She is beginning to sound a bit like a six-year-old. She's sobbing. "Please, Please. It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter. It's okay. It's okay. It's okay. You don't have to be good at it. Her voice turns into screaming sobs. "You don't have to do it."

Joyce has a direction now, the handle she's been looking for. Her body tenses up, she cradles lower over Anne's head and the soft little voice is suddenly hard, only "No, you've got to get another degree. You're not," Joyce claims, "okay."

Anne rises and sob.

Joyce bites down again. "You can do it, you can do it, you can do it."

Joyce has her physics. Anne begins to roll across the matress, her body twisting, stretching, hands clutching, with gritted teeth. "You don't understand," she screams her voice high and quavering, like a seven-year-old who's been slumped across the face by a favorite aunt. "You don't know what's like inside. Oh Jesus, bring them all down, off these people!" She's screaming now, full force. "It's an instrument. Christ that's it."

Anne sits up then. She's fine and the matress and she can afford to be her own self. "What's been eating you?"

"Getting good marks," Anne sniffs, "being able to do the work. There were so many kids so many hours away from teachers." Hysteria is edging. "I never learned to read! I can't pray! I can't breathe, I can't breath!" Joyce reaches down and smoothes her forehead. Anne sighs. "My mother didn't take care of me. She should have been there to find out what was wrong to help me."

Joyce snags that up like a dog on a bone. Now's the chance to drink old business. "Tell her that."

Anne sits cross-legged across her 10-year-old's face at a memory who is a 5,000 miles and 40 years away. "You should've taken care of me! You should've known what was going on. You let me get in the worst messes. I felt so awful... leaving me in that bloody school with those bloody kids. I cried

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every night. ... I was afraid to go to the school this year, even after I passed my exams. I was afraid to go back there because I was afraid they were going to ask me if I hadn't passed. I was afraid. Every time I passed! She sobbed and choked. "I still like I'm going to shake to here Joyce? I'm really frightened now."

"It's time for the big push. Joyce knows she's got it, all the loose ends are in her hands. She rules them. "If you can choose to go through the fear, where she is, and let it go."

Joyce gives Anna the key. "Being at a party can be a good cover to keep from being big grown-up together."

"The light brushed Anna's head. "I feel as though I were taller when I passed those stairs. I shouldn't go through the doors. And then I got so depressed. To get up sometimes and look at myself in the mirror and... What does it matter?"

"What you many did was prove the
whole lie on yourself, didn't you? I warned
you about that."

"I didn't understand what it would feel like," Anne means. "It was so awful. I was always scared. For the first time in my life I wasn't able to help myself." It was as if I was picking up again. Picking up again. Do you know how many times I've packed up in my life? I must have moved a hundred times." She blows her nose.

There's a steady glow of small victories in the air when Asap sat down to talk about her experience later in the day. "I felt cleaned this morning. But totally amazed at the responses I had given. Even with a lot of insight, a lot of knowledge, there's all kinds of garbage in all of us. I want to get rid of it. I want to throw it out." Asafe, at this point, can do no wrong. She's got so much knowledge, so much insight. And she's right in there."

Joyce confesses she had no idea what Anne would get out, but that's planted with the dressing the sentence look. She has wrestled with the place of Anne's mother and come out on top. She's gained the confidence in the words. "I know I'm not going to hurt anybody. The world, I mean. I can't believe anyone would think I'm a threat." She laughs. "I'm not a threat. I'm a threat to myself. I'm a threat to me. I'm a threat to the person who has half the rules and the other person keeps changing them around. If every hand held it got my energy up when I'm really struggling."

She's decided that she is going to press further and faster than she has ever done before. Anne's 25-year-old daughter Lynn, a student of her clients, and she had videotaped a "personal" session with Lynn earlier in the summer. She is going to show the tape to Anne, to confront her with her role as mother and try to push Anne right through to a new understanding of that role of her personality. It's a risky business, representing with a friend's person in mind. As far as she is known, using video in

therapy this way has never been done before but she's willing to try. "I like a new challenge. I'm not sure whether I've got a prove something but I don't actively go out and look. There's a certain magical status in doing that."

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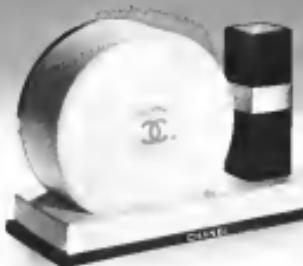
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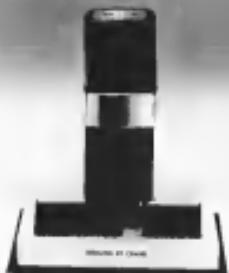
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she screams quietly, hunched deep inside her own private anguish, but the others still hear her, laughing louder and louder.

Sadly, it's over. Dr. Johnstone Lynn rocks once more, coughs, and then gives her a Kleenex and looks her full face a final half. Her back is to the camera and her head dips deep onto her hands. The tape is finished. Joyce turns to Anne: "Where are you at, Anne?"

No answer.

Joyce is屏息 now. She knows that's going to do it. "I think," she stammers, "the only significant part is what you said to do the next day... how do you feel? Do you want to talk about it?"

Anne is famous. The anger is pouring off her. Her hands clenched tight, she turns to her mate: "I feel much," she says, "I feel much."

Joyce is backing away now. Anne's anger is pushing her slowly toward the door.

"I'm really angry at you, Joyce."

"Well," Joyce quavers, tracking from the room. "I'll wait till you're in a better mood. We'll talk later."

She turns a back to the house. Anne keeps on, hollering, fighting to calm herself, to get a grip. "I feel very imposed. I'll tell you that. It's a real kick in the solar plexus, so bad. I've got feelings much. I'm going to give Joyce this. The embarrassment! She didn't prepare me first."

About 15 minutes later Joyce edges back into the house. Trying valiantly to pull some composure together, she continues, she explains that it's better to express, to own to the other person than to cover it up. Anne suggests underdramatically that what Joyce should have done was to video Anne watching Lynn washing herself. "That's what I was going to do," says Joyce. "But it would have been too complicated." Anne gets up and walks back to the house. "It's horriding, anger that's hard," Joyce continues, "that's the time when you need to have your own therapist around."

The goals of all the new therapies are ultimately the same: Growth, change, reaching fulfillment—whatever that means. In trying to express this, we must not forget the saying of great concern: Don't let the past or tomorrow be your set-off future. But the methods vary as widely as the practitioners. There needs to be a better definition to each of the new therapies, but after 15 years of furious experimentation and very few stampas as analysts realize the boundaries have become, to say the least, blurred. Joyce Jones, for example, used to call herself a primal therapist. Not that she seriously studied with Arthur Janov—it was too expensive and too time-consuming, so she went through a variety of primal therapy in Toronto and so a few them meant less comfortable enough with the techniques began taking them off others. Since picking up a few new techniques makes it possible for almost anyone to call themselves a therapist, the world of the new

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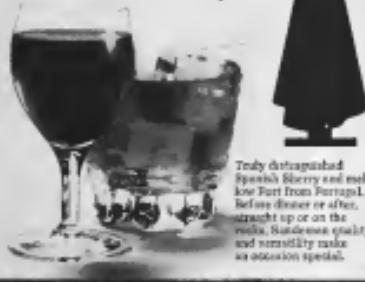
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therapies for few miles. If his patient improves and stays well. Unless a therapist advertises he has care for patients, then it's the obligation of health-care systems to act as if a psychologist within it, having passed the requisite exams, noboby's going to take his letter from him. To that extent the question of who is a good healer becomes more meaningful than what of the plethora of therapies it best.

It is precisely the vagueness of the goals of the new therapies, their expressive, affective and, to a large degree anti-expansive tendencies that leave the bones of potential movements buried in the cult of personality. So unmeasurable studies have been done on therapy outcomes— we don't know if primal therapy, gestalt therapy will be diagnostic given certain conditions. Some studies suggest that a therapy will be efficacious or not depending on the personality of the therapist, but on the other hand some studies suggest that the less formal training a therapist has, the more likely he will be to get good results. As Dr. Peter Bremby, head of preventive research at Tonbridge Grammar School explained: "There's no yet a body of knowledge for us to say which person will do well with which therapy." That goes a long way toward explaining the competitive constituents among therapists on the quality of the other guy's work. No one would speak for the record, of course, but everyone had something bad to say about somebody. "I can't talk about that Institute without being labeled," "He thinks he's developed some kind of stage," "I wouldn't go to Aframe because I don't think they've dealt with the masses," "He's got no feelings and he's got eat for the money and you should see the way he treats his own kids..." And on, and on.

What goes on in the new therapies is a secular conversion, a conversion to a set of beliefs about what the good life is and how to get it. We may know for a long time that it's not about money. We may also know that it's not about power. But our culture is still pointing us forward to a new mythology, one that is in keeping with the romantic natural-in-beautiful spirit of our times. That is why Anne West took to joy-riding after her local experience with the video screen. That is why, contrary to what any rationalist would have expected, she's now able to do what she wanted to: see her family, her friends.

The phone rings.
"Hi, it's Joyce. You'll never guess what happened..."

"What?"
"Anne's friend came up and we got talking and all of a sudden he was apologizing with all those feelings. He's got problems with his back, and we were talking and it just started happening. He's coming up for an interview in a few weeks."

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The World

Foul wind for Jamaica

Cracker's got a problem, a heavy one for him. The late-attention heat is becoming unbearable and for two days his C\$200 motorcycle, Cracker's only escape from the field streets of West Kingston's Trench Town up into the cool Jamaican hills, has been broken. That, and the ramped-up Wukon Wind he's been chasing on and the heads of Red Snaps have hit a damselized and the starch and the dirt and the present that everyone knows about are all peaking down hard now. And that crazy, spiffed-up like madman. But somehow, Cracker's frenzied, smoke-blown head won't let him believe that anything's wrong with the master. "It don't git," he says for maybe the fifth time and seizes an empty Red Stripe with a rusty oil drum. Still, he's going to do a number for the only what face served. A little self-shoe a pose like a Vietnamese sea captain scanning the horizon and a horned lion sweep of his 30-inch Sheffield steel machine.

The mood evokes like a lightning flash. Here is the squared, barbed, 12-foot-by-12-foot Trench Town yard, one of the tenement brethren decides to break the rules. He goes to town, personally, physically, and in Trench Town nothing is disorderly. "Why like [Cracker] and I?" asks for a moment. "We're brother and brother." Cracker's amiable brother signs off, then turns to me again at. But somebody called Aggy, a usually rip-up Radio Boy with looks that must weigh 30 pounds, is faster. His head is still together and his short knife dashes down. Cracker's left arm carries a rent white shirt that slowly gushes a bloody red. Luckily, in Cracker's delusion the sight of his own blood over his attention long enough for an old man from the nearby yard to cool things down, pass around some more paper—possibly the finest man's ass grows anywhere in the world—and bring the broken buck to harmonies. But the time for a white face to disappear has definitely arrived.

A broken bike, a hulky action with the blades, bared, fatality, sudden anger, silence and bitterness are neither new nor unusual in Africa (but they come as swift, startling and constant reminders that the little island is moving a race, a member of Jamaica's Rastafari religion sent like to put it, along a fife). I'm with that brother's uncertainty concerning between Babylon and Zion. The dialect, clipped phrases of the politicians and businesspeople make it sound simply dismally simple. The Monday says, in reality an all-out campaign to sweep a nation left bankrupt by its British colonial masters in the process,



they produce, they will conquer, by the creation of jobs and wealth, the endemic poverty and violence in the parts of paradise never seen by the serants—the ones who used to flock in from Quebec City and Toronto and New York but now cancel out by the thousands at news of a single marriage.

Says Wilfred (Bill) Hooper, Canada's personable High Commissioner to Kingston: "With respect to tourism, Jamaica's biggest problem is the foreign press. About that, there can be no doubt, whatever." Hooper, who strenuously approves respect among the top-level and unvarnished Kingston, is not criticizing the Foreign press. Says a spokesman for the Canadian

Minister of Justice: "I'm not surprised, including soaring unemployment, violent violence, and the Rastafarians like this fellow rolling his joints (below).



By Kevin Doyle

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Department of External Affairs. "As long as you take natural precautions, Jamaica is at least as safe for a tourist as any other Caribbean island." It's just that every once in a while some bad boys from Boston or the whores from Red Bottoms and prostitutes get so wild up in their business everyone in the next yard or down something catastrophic to his children. (I grew up in the American South, so I know what women will do.) Or leave blow up a woman's dress." (For her we make him headline in the *newspaper*.)

The song is only partly right. It's true that the beauty of Jamaica, the gardens of many of its poor blacks, its brown middle classes, its Latin and Chinese mestizos, and its remaining whites, often are overlooked in international reporting, so are its friendly staff and inexpensive tourist atmosphere. But there's another side to

"Missing personality, a mostly peaceful island."



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Jamaica - one that doesn't touch the tourist's black peers, neither, now, surging mass that's at least as tough as its neighbors as the thugs who spread havoc through Belair and Spanish Town. The difference is that the ba-rot coming through the slums of Kingston and the country shantytowns is still without a real focus, without obsession to leaders and without a single, agreed target to attack and strip.

There is no civil unrest in Jamaica. Not yet.

But the basic ingredients are there: an extremely fierce political polarization with virtually everyone, from the shantytown dwellers to middle-class professionals, lining up with either Prime Minister Michael Manley's government, People's National Party, or Edward Seaga's Jamaican Labour Party. Coupled with that are the sources of all the polarization better to do than tell each other or someone "higher up" the social scale for a few dollars from a policeman with a grudge. The polarization is almost complete. Says a middle-class sheepherder: "I rarely go out to pasture anymore. If I go to a cow house for a drink, it means I'm going to lose my customers." Then, only half mockingly, "I'm not really political myself, but if I had a daughter I wouldn't want her to marry a PNP man."

The master many wonder could someone else will be to create such a mess? December 1st, a group of whips.

The net steadily by us from the left

name finds the government is trying to keep them on. They're not sure what they want or where they're going, certain only that they can sing better reggae than Bob Marley or Jimmy Cliff if they can just get that way into a deal with some recording stars. (I also find that they find, when they turn to the industrial vipers of Kingston, is the absolute equal of absolute poverty: flat-floor tenements in tin paper shacks and aluminum-sided yards, washed up and rotting. There isn't any work (official figures say the unemployment rate is about 35%). Privately, government officials tell you it's closer to 50%) unless you want to dig ditches or collect garbage. "Nooooo, man," says Cracker's friend Samuel. "What do you mean? You write? Okay, I



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George, better known to the left as George, and (below) a domestic camp for 2200 domestics held under Prime Minister Manley's state of emergency

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and [I] just want you to sing good songs and do good stories." So they can't get her but maybe they'll find some uninvited guests and leave her stranded or make a hasty marriage the next morning and see it's big, he says, or, if she's lucky, big enough, *ahem*. There are gosses everywhere in the Jamaica stories and the legend (it's not an island noted for facts) is that North American gaga buyers, who once tried to pay in counterfeit dollars, now have been forced by the local suppliers to put up gaga stated. There have also been reports of Jamaicans in Canada smuggling gaga out of the island.

Also of the same Jamaica's signs divide lots just to hide the gaga and keep them hidden, pristine with the leaves and keep on smoking. But sometimes, the "posseaux"—that is, the neighborhood—say that everyone in the thirty houses who share—get me great and half mad speeches slips into another attack or another yard in the dead of night and starts cutting up the living room lady or grandfather he brings into. One report has it that a man attacked one attraction actually got himself So freaked-out under the pressure that he jumped onto the hair's pet. He was petrified with only cuts and broken bones but still he was right back at it there and then to the house he had just left. For the morning news, each editor takes the form of showing up top of a fast-moving train and waving with a wave of the broomstick form to approach a railway named. The last one to die is either some dead or here for a day. They like understanding these things down in Towns Town and Treble Gardens and Forest Towns every year perhaps. Keenest man day know about de pressure.

The lengths with the gaga are the Too Bad Boys, the Dreadnods, the ones whose very incisor chills, the soul and who eat each other down with weakening regularly. And it's an open secret in Jamaica that since independence in 1962, the low-life members of the two major political parties have taken to supplying the Too Bad Boys with even more gaga as an effective and unavoidable way of getting rid of twenty-some more. In most of the time, the party groups have left it to do but cause the slant stories. When they collide, so they do naturally the outcome can be vicious. One hot night last May, a gang of hoodlums descended to stage an all-nighter of an exhibition. They sang, put a match to a random chair, and blazed away with shotgunning among firemen who fled he should die his day. All that was left were the blackened corpses of eight children and three adults.

The word is out in West Kingston that Shirley is the gang leader on that particular night. He's noncommittal about it, as per cool. "Wee de law dey, men," he says, his eyes flashing a slowly rising manicure. "De over of Babylon day heat is overflow anyway, so why you want start taking off dem things?" A sudden heavy iron pounds onto the dust of his yard, the



Rasta-man: good times and days, bad rap

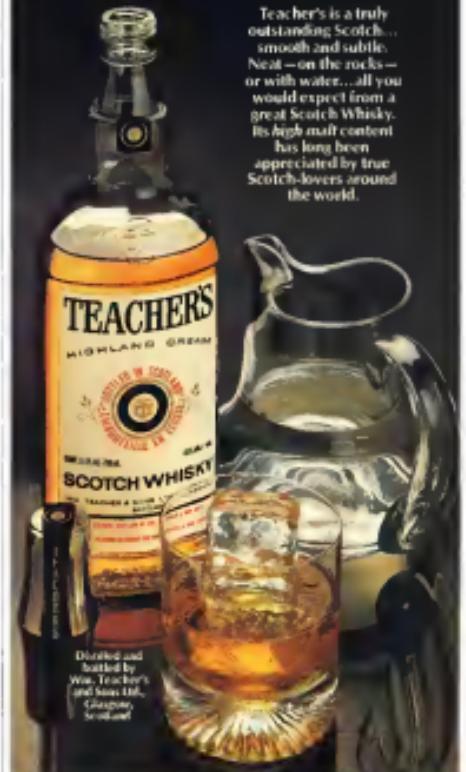
ganga smoke crackles, an aging goat stands snorting at the corner of a make-shift bed and Shirley delivers his final thought before dropping onto a palm leaf. "Sometimes nut rastas like Marley, I'm marley the Marley, I'm even before Babylon come down, how be stuck."

Prime Minister Michael Norman Manley is 27 years old, a wartime veteran of the Royal Canadian Air Force and a graduate of the London School of Economics at a time when the renowned democratic socialist Harold Laski said there was "Hardly a highly acclaimed Third World and Commonwealth leader among the most frequent socialist advocates of a new world economic order." Standing before a joint Senate-Congress committee in Ottawa this fall, during a informal, Manley declared: "In the last few years [since he was released] we have made a lot of money, tremendous efforts to improve the world economic order. But it is like going from the basement only to the ground floor by the down escalator."

A skin-knotting man with silvery hair who is given to wearing the karibou, a Caribbean-style leather sort, with a paisley cravat, Manley has more reason than most to worry about the world economic order. By any standard, his own country's social and economic problems are staggering. Inflation, at mid-year, was running at 30%, inflation claim it has since fallen to around 12%, unemployment was climbing steadily, and the bottom had dropped out of the markets for those exports on which Jamaica depends for its foreign exchange. The world demand for sugar plummeted, while the price of energy in-

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possessed Canadian and U.S. firms that saw Jamaican statute for refining and aluminum have cut back sharply in their operations which account for nearly 80% of the country's export earnings because of slumping demand and the trapping of foreign capital. Masley's government, Redi publicly stressed, and a general sense of alienating blow to the tourism industry. Reliable figures are almost impossible to come by, but we suspect that the situation became so bad that the government was forced to take an interest in roughly 40% of the island's 12,000 hotelaceous just to keep the major hotels from going under. At least

\$300 million has been smuggled out of the country illegally this year and the affluent upper classes have been emigrating by the thousands.

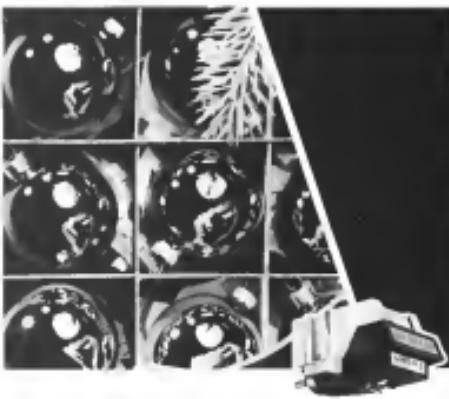
In a moderately successful attempt to control the worst of the violence of robbing and piracy let loose earlier this year which among other damage, enabled closed courts to hand out life sentences to anyone found carrying a gun or ammunition. It also provides prison sentences for anyone who publicly says anything that the government and the courts consider threatening to the security of the state. Masley told the major batch from going under. At least

witnessed a type and scale of violence unique in our history, terrorist activities previously unknown to us, which have caused fear and concern in every decent Jamaican citizen. For all of the above fragmentation of civil rights, there is legislation which attempts to ameliorate some of the problems. Not all Jamaicans seem convinced. One is downtown Kingston still upon bright bumper stickers bearing the message: **WORLD'S LAST PERSON TO LEAVE THE ISLAND PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS**. And confidential security documents show that nearly 300 people have been killed in incidents of political violence in just this year.

Masley himself seems convinced that if he can keep the rural Seaga (known to Masley supporters as STAGA) at bay he can create a genuine socialist economy by buying up idle land and breaking up large old estates, turning them into worker cooperatives and producing a wide range of agricultural goods with accompanying processing facilities for export. Whether this can be done democratically is the question now dominating conversations at fashionable Kingston cocktail parties and such constituent conventions.

Says Masley, "I am in my backbone a democrat." But Seaga persistently charges that Masley is rapidly becoming a tool of Fidel Castro's Cuban and the Red International and the direction of his pro-party Committee since U.S. diplomats, too, have expressed alarm that Cuban officials have been invited into the country to build a school and a factory. And, after consulting the official Agency for Public Information and acting precisely to close on senior officials during a period of nearly two weeks, it became clear that Cuban in small numbers are indeed being used in an advisory capacity at senior government levels. The advice being given by the Cuban deacons with the technical means of improving such things as agricultural output and ways of financing the extension of worthy medicare, educational and health facilities. There was little or no indication that political ideology has any significant role.

Documenting Masley's intentions that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency continue in running a political assassination plot against him proved far more difficult. What emerged was that the CIA does maintain a station chief and two subordinates in what is known as an "old-world" style residence in Kingston. It was also clear that at least two of the agents were there on cover as apprentices for foreign businesses and a regular for high graded information on Cuban communists workers in Jamaica and for details of the radio operations and trade secrets of some Comincon exhaust and condensates in Kingston. In cases where these approached concerned, there was no evidence that the information provided was anything that could not have been gleaned from official handbooks or from simply



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telephoning the people involved. For some reason, Massey has actually shown a tendency to tone down his anti-CIA comments, reflecting, perhaps, a greater confidence that Jimmerson's problems just might be solved by Jimmerson's themselves without the traditional tactic of using an outside negotiator—if only the Russians would disappear in a whiff of their own smoke.

"All the days of the weevils he separates there shall be an easier course upon his head. Until the days be fulfilled in which he separates himself unto the Lord, he shall be lonely and shall let the looks of the horned-beetle grow" (Numbers 6:5). The Rastafarian philosophy-religion, with its combination of anti-slavery, the herb (unusually known as the wisdom weed, the herb and智慧 weed, but never as a drug) and reggae music, is a compounding through young Jamaicans like a hermaphrodite. It is a combination of poor blacks' historical tradition, not to mention the natural appeal of the weed, in capturing the heart with the youth of art, colors and customs as well.

It all began in the 1930s when a penniless black Jamaican named Marcus Garvey had been stowing around Harare and south Chagga during the Twaanan predicting that a black king would be crowned in Africa and that he would restore the lost tribes of Judah and bring them home. That was extremely ominous at the time, threatening as it did to raise the consciousness of the ghettos in America, and in 1927 U.S. authorities sent him packing back to Jamaica. He following on the island was not large, particularly since his message of this and black men had little appeal in the bourgeoisie. He was imprisoned by various white authorities and finally went to England where he died in 1940. But when Ras Tafari was crowned Emperor Haile Selassie in Ethiopia in 1930, and Garvey's followers in Jamaica began to picture all over the newspapers, they went to their robes and they donned berets and toga-like wraps when they won the running thing. Because himself never claimed outright that he was divine, but with the old rymz perched up there on his throne in Addis Ababa, the sovereign of Ethiopia known thus was no manifestation of a God but real old Jah himself, the living Lion of Judah. The wimmed little groves even flew to Kingston in 1966 to see his flock. But when the plane landed and he now all those thousands of wrecks, half-naked, half-spoiled Rastas waiting to greet him, Selassie was terrified. It took an hour for the authorities to convince him to come out. Now that Selassie is dead, the Rastas have a lot of a dilemma. Some refuse to believe it and others say he will return, he's just gone for a rest.

What the Rasta really believe down there on the black ghetto is a little hard to grasp, partly because it takes days just to understand the patois and mainly because they spend most of their waking time on the wings of vanishing love, dreams,

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word-induced delusions. They say a kelly heapful of jargon is the key to learning. "What Rasta want mon," says Michael, a maniac, "is for him to go home home to Africa, where him come from before Babylon. Be Gradie, Babylon, it go down, down, down, mon." In fact a handful of the brethren did make their way a few years ago to Ethiopia and a bunch of bandits there were given a sum. But (and it's a very interesting snippet in French Town) they haven't been heard from since. They may just be missing with John Steinbeck.

Polymer is passing his staff on the dormitory at a movie when he tries to grasp

girl gangs and leave without carrying a sword.

The police and the security forces are suspicious of the Rastas, with their bands and their ascent hair styled in wild attack-plus-plains called dreadlocks. Officially the police say they have nothing against the movement, but privately they tell you that there are a lot of "peculiar Rastas," guys going up to look like the real thing, talk 4- and 4-and-1 peace and love, but are really often hired killers using a family disguise. Among a lot of the more affluent Aussies they call them the usual kind of suspicious and they'll tell you in confidence about 1963. At that time the Rastas, led by the civil rights movement in the United States had be-

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Michael: the answer lies in his smile itself.

come walloping and more and more relentless. A few radical blacks from the United States had presented the brethren and were trying them to see, strike out, do something. But it wasn't in their nature.

And up in those hilly areas, mountains above Kupang, there were no caskets or the long that the Rastas down in shantytown had started carrying naked bodies. Natives from the mainland had never been in shantytown, of course, but they believed the rumors and passed them on to gossips, uninvited guests. And then, God knows what got into them, but a branch of Rasta rode up to Coral Gardens on the north shore about 10 miles from Montego Bay, and they were beaten. They attacked a gas station, burned it down and bush-

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and the owner. After that, some kind of spontaneous deletion took over and they went crazy, tearing through the countryside with their machine, bursting into a colonial mind, murdering one of the occupants and trying to attack an overseer's house. When the police arrived, they fled straight back. The local landowners fell over each other in the rush to join the flames. This was it. This had made the fear they'd had all along: these beasts. All blados were rising up. It was real honest-to-god revolution but it was completely out of character. When it was all over there were three dead Rains and two dead policemen. "So you see," said a jolly

young cop with a swagger stick, "a hunting now and then just helps keep them in line."

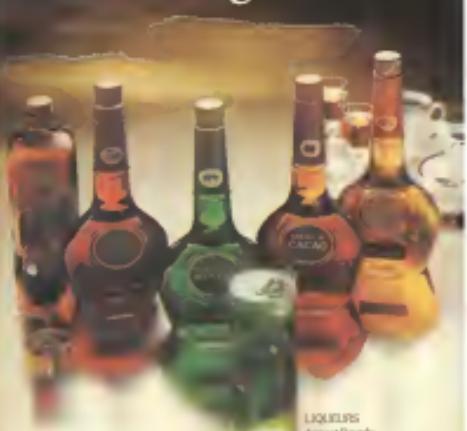
The middle classes are still scared of the Rains but now they have other reasons, apart from their heightened concern about violence. The Rain philosophy is taking hold among a lot of the children of the middle classes. And central to the movement is a profound distrust for prolonged hard work of any kind, especially work on the land, with its lingering associations of slavery and white beasts. And why should any Rain-ever do anything to help a society that thinks he's just some kind of filthy dog-faced with a bird-spach brain? For the affluent, far too many

people for comfort are starting to think they're right.

In his annual office high above Kingston Harbor, Arthur Brown, governor of the Bank of Jamaica, is discussing the dismal subject of his country's current economic stagnation.

"We have to find some way of motivating our people so that they want to work and so that the vast majority want to go back and work on the land. That's the only way we can build a viable economy and strengthen our exports. But even that isn't a complete answer. We have some of the rich land in the world but if we import nearly all our food. Our eating habits were

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Michael preparing for a return to Zion

Famed by the British Discos as a British cult icon for 30 years before independence and a cult icon for the reggae movements of Reggae Rev. and Dancehall, name of which are products here.

But most state-owned farms are not the answer. They were tried, but the workers had little interest and the few who did usually found that when their crops were ripe a few Red Boys would drift up from Kingston and steal them. The latest effort is to start cooperative farms with five men being leased to the farmers who, in turn, can keep whatever profit they make. The plan is having some success. Brown says, but it's not very efficient. "In a developing country [agriculture] is the most difficult area to organize. If it's planned. You can't surpass a small farmer to death." Brown has to eat the interview short. He has a meeting on a few minutes with state Canadian government officials who want to know how he's planning to spend \$100 million in loans and aid Ottawa has promised to deliver.

Back down in Trench Town, Rashad is sitting at a red-swinging bar. "If I tell you, man, I

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To the olive, the orange and the top banana.



not going be a former Bond girl, we won't. But [the government] not want bloodshed and itself? so why he say. I should go. Nooooo, said Hesel to those of him try make one dead. Even war of him try.

"Maybe," says a young British bureaucrat attached naked beside her bishop god, "maybe there's some way between violence and dismemberment, between agriculture and industrialisation, between Babylon and Zion, as they're always trying to do all the things the politicians say we need. Some way to have people working and everything, but with lots of time to relax, enjoy a smoke and listen to the music. Somebody once said the music is like the rhythm of Europe played to the rhythm of Africa."

It won't take a miracle to win the race between Babylon and Zion, so find a "Romanian way," but it will take time. And nobody knows how much time is left.

THE U.K.

In the hands of the 'gods'

They hooked into anonymous hands under assumed names. With one exception, their identities were as unknown as their faces. Government officials quaffed quantities about their advances as they hurried through shadowy files deep behind the sombre facade of the grey-suited Treasury building in Whitehall. Yet to the past month the fables even from Washington have become the most notorious stories to Bessemer. On their findings will hang the country's chances of pulling through an economic crisis now so severe that it has become the greatest test of national survival since the worst days of 1990, or their recommendations may well depend the future of Prime Minister James Callaghan's Labour government.

The secretive visitors are experts from the International Monetary Fund who are about to become Britain's new bank managers. After a meticulous examination of what new steps the government may have to take to qualify for a \$1.5 billion loan from the IMF, in early December the first official team was examining their findings amid waves of strained conversation hanging at fresh economic horrors to come. The price Britain may have to pay for its huge inflation of international bad—which many see as only a first step in a much wider investigation of the operation of sterling—is to be saved as a major world currency—will only be known later than much when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Denis Healey, confronts the mirror with what promises to be a pre-Christmas mystery budget. But three unusually unpleasant lessons were emerging well before the final contents of the package were made public. The first was that the mystery dogged British public whose living standards are already the lowest in the European Community, were in for another date of entry measures, that the essential de-

valuation-making process that will decide Britain's future economic path in slipping steadily out of the control of the British government and into the hands of Britain's international creditors. And the third and most horrendous is the overriding possibility that the medicine prescribed by the IMF doctors might be as unacceptable to the powerful trade unions and left-wing elements in the party that Britain will be faced with a national result that could rear up the political and economic structure of the nation.

While the cabinet tried to tame down this frightening high wire, Professor Milton Friedman, the American economist and Nobel Prize winner, warned that Britain is in danger of following Chile down



Callaghan and with Hans-Dieter Bärner-Jäger

the road to economic disaster and political dictatorship.

Britain must have the last laugh if it is to

meet the short-term demands of international creditors and hold the steady tide of sterling on world markets by demonstrating that London can enjoy the confidence of the world's monetary community. When Healey, provoked by starting his biggest one-day filibuster in history, called in the IMF at late September to assess the Labour Party mark and the £1 billion would raise the money "on the basis of our existing policies." Early this week, in another bid to earn the喘息 of international alarm, Healey told the Commons that average deflation had been ruled out as a condition of the loan. But there were few who shared his optimism.

The men from the IMF observed some

startling symptoms of what is known throughout the world as "the British disease": a inflation rate still running at 14%;

far above all European competitors, a plunging pound, falling reserves, nearly 1.5 million unemployed and a profligate welfare state bureaucracy that has led the government into a enormous public spending deficit of nearly \$20 billion. Investment in industry, essential if Britain's declining productivity is ever to improve, is hampered by a national interest rate rising to 15%—a record set by the government in an attempt to fund its own enormous debt. Inflation is stifled by capping tax rates. Taxmen rank among the poorest paid in the Western world.

In the overwhelming view of economists, short-sighted though the British government must take if the nation is to be dragged back from the brink of insolvency, government spending must be cut. The last time Britain dramatically trimmed its belt for reasons as varied as Mayan Indians staffed the pair would implement upon the government's edict that real wages have been raised as politically unacceptable Britain in November, when Healey proposed to the cabinet that government expenditure be lowered by roughly \$3.3 million. The trustees from the left was savage. As many as eight of Callaghan's ministers were said to be ready to resign. Ian Macay, the paternal secretary of the powerful Trades Union Congress, warned the not men in their lions that any such cut would force the unions to review the social contract—the voluntary pay restraint policy with the government which is the cornerstone of all Britain's economic policies. Said one Treasury man: "Every time we preference one alternative over another we are told some of them is politically acceptable."

There was some comfort for Britain from Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who rechristened Callaghan at a meeting of Europe's heads of state in The Hague if not exactly one prove too difficult to be politically acceptable Germany would be ready to offer Britain a helping hand. Norther France and the Eastern world in unison to precipitate a full economic and political collapse in Britain.

Meanwhile,

the

politic

ally unhappy British public is indulging in a pre-Christmas spending spree—coordinated East among the new measures would be an increase in taxes on consumer goods as well as new duties on wine, spirits, tobacco and gasoline. But the big spending spree were the visitors from Britain's continental neighbours. The low-cost pound and the modest prices in Britain brought the country into favour (as far as the European Central Bank was concerned) of visitors from across the Channel planes and ferries en masse filling their suitcases with everything from food parcels to luxury clothes. It all added up to a new feeling of national自豪感 on

Commented *The Daily Mirror*: "If there is one thing the British excel at it's being inclined."

JONELLISSON

Lebanon: a time to bind up the nation's wounds

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN SHAMES

Finally the guns were silent. After 19 months of appalling misery and destruction, the Lebanese civil war was halted, at least for the time being. A somber peace hung over the smoking wreckage of a country that was once the jewel of the Middle East. For the Lebanese themselves it seemed only appropriate to believe that long last had ended. But while the bombs had finally stopped, war in shattered Beirut last month left again marred through the rubble-strewn streets and within hours the city centers were jammed. Peace-keeping soldiers from Syria moved to big-city traffic, fumbled hopefully with the traffic and children rushed to advancing wagons to eat their gamblers and passengers in determination for the rumbling tanks. Crowds gathered the arrival of the first commercial aircraft and cheered wildly as the wheels of the Middle East's lone plane touched the runway.

But even as the celebration gurgled at the streets, President Elias Hrawi and his cabinet were meeting in emergency session to begin planning the reconstitution of the shell-shocked nation. An international order of death pended about whether the ramifications in Lebanon had really agreed to give up the fight permanently or were just taking a breathing space from the battle.

The civil war began as a struggle be-



The sights and sounds of war were already part of the way of life in Beirut, as they were throughout the conflict, becoming heavy with its heavy machinery (above), heavier to cause little more disruption to the residents of that war zone than executive jets last the people with finger on the switch. An exhausted but obviously happy Syrian soldier (right) stands near the front line of the civil war. But for the people inside (left) peace brought little happiness; the photograph they're holding is that of their son, one of the estimated 260,000 casualties of the 18-month civil war. But unless the bunkers erected in the apartment directly above them will now be dismantled



Looking ironically like a hero-figure in a Hollywood war movie, a Christian soldier rounds up the rubble in Beirut's devastated port area, automatic rifle at the ready (top left). A mere scab and raw expression of what war means shows on the face of another Christian soldier (far right). The three below (bottom left) are the parents of 17-year-old Hala (far right). They're holding her son (left) who they're holding are real; the smiles on their faces very fragile. But while they have fought and killed (perhaps) their youth—14-to-18 years old—made it all a great adventure. But for the women (right) it was an adventure: the agony of it will be etched in her face as she cradles her son at a hospital in a street (right? friend?) in her arms. And even after the dead are buried, she will join the ranks of the estimated 1,250,000 Lebanese who will need some kind of help.

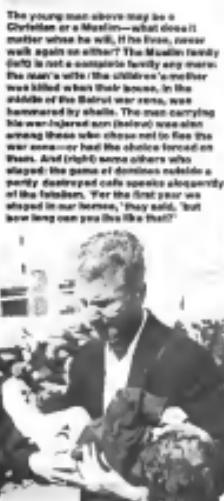


israeli leftist Moshe, led by the Palestine Liberation Organization and right-wing Christians. When it reached a fever pitch earlier this year, escapees from neighboring Syria entered the country and took the side of the Christians who were on the brink of defeat at the hands of the P.L.O. Israel carefully supplied the Christians as well, and when the fighting stopped the Syrians and Christians were clearly the victors, while the defeated PLO faced an extremely uncertain future. But the victory was paid at a staggering price. More than 60,000 people died in the fighting, and 200,000 were wounded. Moreover, Israel had been mauled at \$3.5 billion, and since there have been no figures set on the cost of the damage since needed to half the population who have lost their homes or other possessions in the war. There were also muted fears that Syria might begin moving military into northern Lebanon, dangerously near the border with Israel; a move that authorities in Tel Aviv say might spark another Middle East war. But many diplomats said the defeat of the PLO, which has consistently demanded the destruction of Israel, removes a serious stumbling block to a general peace agreement between the Arabs and Israelis.

In Lebanon, however, the Christians were more abundant, where to find the money and material to rebuild a shattered, demoralized nation out of the ruins left by an extraordinarily savage war?



The young man above may be a Christian or a Muslim—but doesn't he look like a Jew? If the Christians walk again or either? The Muslim family (left) is not a sustainable family any more—the man's wife (the children's mother) was killed when their house, in the middle of the Beirut war zone, was hammered by shelling. The man carrying his weeping son (center) is a soldier who was taken prisoner (hostage) during the war—ever had the choice forced on you. And (right) some others who stayed: the game of dominoes outside a partly destroyed cafe speaks eloquently of the futility. Yet the first year we stayed in our houses, "they said, "but how long can you live like that?"



People

No one needs to be told that this has not been a great year for federal salvation-general, especially in the area of the job



Feinstein taking work home, but...

involving the postal system. (See *Hot Dogs*) and just seems to be

"...The central focus of the year is **Franklin Fox**, and one might suspect he'd himself had more depth—than even he had meant to explore. As he was driving to a party, he stopped in a police roadblock. Two cops, brandishing rifles, gave him the once-over, didn't recognize him, and sent him on his way. What Fox asked, was it all about? "There's been a break in the local prison," was the reply.

"Will no one," shouts Henry III in *As You Like It*, "rid me of this candle-snuffing priest?" Sorenene does, of course, and the King of his former realm, Thomas A. Becket. In a scene **Gregory Baum** has rid his church of a maddening priest, not by dying but by leaving. Back in the golden, reformist days of Pope John XXIII and *Vatican II*, Baum was the vanguard, not exactly one of Cleveland's—and the world's—leading theologians (the stuff had almost a reputation for the ate and apparently libidinous Roman Catholic Church). But reform died with Pope John, the church returned to Baum, and Baum apparently grew tired of fighting for enlightened virtue. If the reification, earlier this year, of Raum's necessary state on matters of sexual morality, which flew in the face of

such Baum statements as "sexual expression is health and a valuable love," apparently made the final decision for him. And how does the church feel about disengagement? Disengagement! Response from the Roman Catholic Church Office in Toronto was: "We'll be one less priest."

Remember the staff that dreams are made of? Well, it seems there's still a little of it left around. A case in point is that of **Karla**



Karla and Phil photo: paradise found

Karla Ka: A few weeks ago Karla was just another New Jersey housewife and mother (two college-age sons) who had a television, which was playing the little **Kathy Price** on a self-designed, one-woman show in a little town called Ron-Lee. And it just so happened that one night two Big New York Production caught her act. And blind. And so it result. Julie Karla opens on Broadway, January 30, playing *Price* in a musical biography.

Bette Midler has come of age. The divine mistress of the tucky is about to open with the New York City Ballet—considered to be among the best in the world—in George Balanchine's revival of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, a theme piece (combining drama, dance and drama) by Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht. Midler, who only a few years ago was rugging for the gay clientele of New York's Continental Club, will sing/scream but not dance. Without attempting to do too deeply into the story-line of the piece, it concerns two parallel stories of the same girl, Anna-Anne, going out into the world to earn her way



Milena: you've come a long way, baby

and thereby confirming the never deadly sin, one by one. One of the personifications—the callously responsible one—is the singer, played by Midler. The other—the impulsive, emotional one—will be danced by **Karla Van Arsdol**.

It's a little like learning that your mother had a secret. **Dick Anderson**, scourge of the politically incorrect enemy of all wisdom in high places, has actually been involved in a suspect, if not deadly, operation himself. Anderson, the syndicated (1,000-paper) columnist, was sent late last November chairman of the executive committee of the Diplomatic National Bank in Washington. The bank is under heavy investigation by The Washington Post and a congressional committee for its connection with the Korean CIA (see *Men* in September 20) and a particularly sketchy of stock owned by the followers of the self-proclaimed Messiah—and all-round suspicious character **Baa Myung Moon**. It has also figured lately in allegations of bribery of American congressmen by the Korean CIA. Anderson became unwillingly to cast the first stone on two counts: first he did a pro-Moon tour in his column, second, he personally arranged to get Rep. **Donald Fraser**, who heads the House committee looking at the bank's activities, to eat off the dog. But as any case, Anderson did regimen a measure of vindication by resigning from the bank and dressing himself of all accusations in it.

Sports

'It'll ruin baseball,' the doomsayers said. And they just may be right



Gullett, Berra, Steinbrenner and Jackson: In the old days, owners used to hold dynasties. Now they simply buy them

As they approached last month's historic money draft, baseball's 24 free agents repeatedly claimed that there were enough takers than money to attract them to new cities. In fact, even a brief analysis of the signings indicates that the most powerful "magnate" is still baseball's wealthy owner, unencumbered by any reluctance to spend money. By the time bigger Reggie Jackson had signed the game's most lucrative contract ever with the New York Yankees, 11 players had become millionaires, and the most prominent 14 free agents had agreed to pocket an estimated \$12 million.

Former Yankees' Radio 101-hander Don Gullett may have been on One Four Five's heart, but Yankee Owner George Steinbrenner's two-million-dollar contract proved enough for him to spend the next six years in New York. Relatively Grade A though, Flushing might have never entered play only in west coast sunshine, but it wasn't until California Angels' Gene Autry signed up \$1.2 million that Grich's promise took off. The shrewd Jackson may have felt great loyalty for his former manager Don Williams, now boss of the Montreal Expos, but even Expos owner Charles Bronfman's "biggest damn" could not dismiss the fact that New York was Jackson's "worst financial choice."

"It's a shame you have to talk about money," said Jackson, 30, who leaves such trivial matters to his panel of advisers. "They can pay you one, two, three, five, 10 million dollars. It's not going to buy happiness. Money is academic." Nevertheless, it was money that fueled the money draft. And if in money, some doomsday must fall, it will destroy baseball's compensation balance. The well-financed Yankees, Angels and San Diego Padres collared seven of the best free agents. The cash-thirsty Orioles lost

three, and Charlie Finley's Oakland Athletics—all starting players. In addition to Bert Campaneris, they were Joe Roth, Reggie Fingers, Don Baylor, Sal Bando and Gene Tenace. "I wasn't raped," Finley said. "I won royally repaid."

Even Jackson admits that "wealthy teams will now become contentious. Within a relatively short time you can change the character and personality of a team. I wanted so much to know what to do about that was. You're not going to get a Reggie Jackson if you're not prepared to go out and buy a guy. It's like getting married for a Rolls-Royce; hoping someone will give you a Rolls-Royce is a waste. Steinbrenner will incorporate his wealthier power for the Roths already there. Consider one baseball war: "With Jim and Gallet, the Yankees can offer World Series victories or Christians presents."

Against the price, there at least one source of emotion. "Whatever has been agreed to is based on a notion of chance to above it's good or bad," says Peter Seitz, the 71-year-old arbitrator who set a baseball grievance a year ago by declaring that padawan Andy Manisurato and Dave McNally were legally free agents. Their decision was reversed to the redlining beginning agreement he handed out nine months later, an agreement that allows free agency without compensation for players who had signed under the old past and free agency with compensation for players signed under the new terms.

"The thing is, on my part now," says Seitz. "That is what I wanted the parties to do by themselves. If it's going to result in all the redlining gibberish, we'll do people so that you don't have a relatively reasonable party of justice in the cities, then they'll have to make some kind of a fudge. Representatives of the players are just as con-

cerned about the success of the sport as those who have money involved. The trouble is that the bowmen have been so accustomed to hysterical power—and I don't say that in the pejorative sense—that it's very difficult for them to share power with anybody, even with their own constituency." Says Toronto Blue Jays general manager Peter Raverty: "The owner wants to win. There is no reason or logic beyond the desire to win immediately."

The Jackson case was typical. Determined to sign Jackson at any cost, Bronxman spent \$200,000 courting him before offering a contract that was twice what the Yankees had given him. The two sides then agreed that Steinbrenner's ability to add to his lead would be limited in the third quarter, when Owner Bill Rigney is to a three-point field goal, and added a 48-yarder of their own courtesy of homecoming Gerry Gregg. (It was the second consecutive year in which Canadians accounted for all Grey Cupping.) "I knew seven points wasn't enough," said Lennox, for one. "But it's over. You're never going to change the result. So why worry about it?" Still, it took the desperation Billy 34 Pass plays to桂林—non-inmate of ex-commissioner John Goodman—to win it for Ottawa. The 26-year-old Gabriel, the league's outstanding Canadian in 1976, turned up for the next night in Peterborough to talk show audience in tow immediately that his end-zone dash had added some \$6,000 per player to the prize money.

But financial considerations aside, the two teams seemed Canadian football—like the record crowd of 53,300 blazier-wrapped spectators (the game was played in chilling air degree weather) and enthusiasm more or less to one of the most exciting Grey Cup spectacles we have had in years.

RON DUNN

From the jaws of victory

The St. John's Roughriders are safely on benches, served in poses of desperation. In a crypt beneath Richardson Stadium, their voices measured regret in despondent tones and misery the stories that composed so rich tissue of the 1976 Grey Cup game. Their quarterback 26-year-old Romeo Lumsden stood by his ear, carefully uncapping a postage of Robert Frost's "After Apple-Picking" from a cold book of Old Yeats. His eyes were moist. Spinevibrant bawlers around him eagerly awaited an analysis of Ottawa's last-minute 23-20 victory, to see how prepossessing the critical play that made the difference. The Canadian Football League's commanding player of the year was uncommunicating. "Foodcultural football," said Lumsden, one of 10 children born to a Clarendon, Pennsylvania, vineyard proprietor. "Blocking, tackling, that's what beat us." Could he now with 20 seconds to play? "No way. You know the kickoff's gonna take 10 seconds and after that all you can do is throw loops. You don't win the Grey Cup on a hopper." At the door of the locker room, a man unmasking himself as the Mayor of Regina pointed conspicuously past the glass: "Gerry should go in and my a few words to the boys," he declared, in ones in particular.

Not 40 yards down the corridor, about the demise of Tom Clements' game-winning touchdown pass to Ray and Tony Gubert, the Ottawa Rough Riders were surely unearthing the spurs of victory—domestic chauvinism. Five point underdogs they had jumped to a 10-0 lead—assisted first-quarter advantage, then relinquished the wind and the lead to trail 11-10 at half-time. But the ride was not over. The two sides agreed that Steinbrenner's ability to add to his lead would be limited in the third quarter, when Owner Bill Rigney is to a three-point field goal, and added a 48-yarder of their own courtesy of homecoming Gerry Gregg. (It was the second consecutive year in which Canadians accounted for all Grey Cupping.) "I knew seven points wasn't enough," said Lennox, for one. "But it's over. You're never going to change the result. So why worry about it?" Still, it took the desperation Billy 34 Pass plays to桂林—non-inmate of ex-commissioner John Goodman—to win it for Ottawa. The 26-year-old Gabriel, the league's outstanding Canadian in 1976, turned up for the next night in Peterborough to talk show audience in tow immediately that his end-zone dash had added some \$6,000 per player to the prize money.

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RON DUNN

A game filled with all sorts of surprises? Nonsense!

Sports column by John Robertson



Gabriel about to wrap it up as Ottawa falls. There's still good old luck

Oh the accompany of it all, as you drive on along Toronto's lakeshore and into the Canadian National Exhibition grounds. On your right, hockey's hall of fame. On your left, football's hall of fame, the tomb of the unknown Argos, adorned with such graffiti as "Anthony Davis slept here."

Between lowrider and the two-best teams in the nation makes pilgrimage to Toronto to prove to Argos athletic suppose that somebody in Canada can still play the game. And all that happens within the shadow of the c's Tower, the world's largest revolving restaurant thereabouts.

And so it is of Steinbrenner and Gullett's realized old-fashioned fundamental football esteem:

"I'm going to die," said Flack. "I'll be you Ottawa goes down to Saskatchewan's one yard line, with 99 seconds to go, trailing by only four goals with only 53 inches to go for a first down. Do they make an 80-yard punt?" grumbles Flack. "Clemente can just lean over the goal line and beat us, right?"

"Wrong," says Flack. "I'll bet Clemente's crew doesn't even make the line down and Ottawa loses the ball."

"...and the game," boasts Percy French. "Percy's drawing a little pig." "I'll bet the whole farm on that."

"What a remote," says Flack. "What if Ottawa gets the ball in the dying seconds and my 25 yards away from goal-line?"

"So what?" quips Flack. "They've only got one play. Clemente to Gaultier, right?" "The pig goes pants, can't get the ball past defense in Canada for nothing."

"The pig! Gabriel will catch the ball, all alone in the end zone," says Flack. Good. "Meet me at the c's Tower after the game and bring the dead in your arms."

Where last year, Percy French's chair of Poussie, Sask., had wrapped his arms around the base of the lower and was shouting to the harpsichord in the roof room, "Fill 'em up!"

Business

Things are bad, but they could be worse. In fact they probably will be



Lifesaver's Bank

In 11 days' trading after the Park-Quibell election victory on November 15, the Canadian dollar wiped out 18 months of gains in terms of the U.S. dollar. Canadian stock markets were equally bumpy but, with the Toronto Stock Exchange Industrial Index regaining allowing points since January 1975. By early December, however, both were showing signs of stabilizing.

Although Constell's third-quarter balance of trade figures, released on November 20, showed a strong improvement it had already been beaten. The Canadian dollar was overvalued through most of this year (Maclean's, July 1976), essentially because of high interest rates here, which the Bank of Canada has now moved to reduce. The advent of René Levesque, plus widely quoted negative analysis of the Canadian economy circulated on Wall Street last month, were probably just the trigger. A lower dollar will help Canadian exports but will increase inflation here, since Canadians will have to pay more for imported goods. Canadian business leaders privately believe that the Canadian dollar will soften comfortably around 97 cents to 99 cents for most of next year. This was also shared by at least one U.S.-based oil company with interests here, which was reportedly talking with bank that it expected capital inflow to Canada to reverse sharply stimulated by a more welcoming attitude by the provinces and a political paralysis of Ottawa's nationalized and semi-nationalized enterprises. But senior leaders think the dollar will be under pressure for

several months as U.S. holders hold out, and the speculative forces that have become prominent in recent years try their hand. If this happens, the Bank of Canada may find itself spending considerably more than November's \$100 million or so (which brought Canada's foreign exchange reserves to about five billion dollars) to prevent a slide that could cause the non-delivery problem.

Canadian bankers, pension plan trustees are not inclined to write off such a market entirely, especially in view of the reflected stability of the Canadian dollar. It has been a long, nervous summer, however, and in view of Canada's long-run economic problems few are willing to predict that there's a brief rally from the excessive fears of late November. **PETER REEDBLOW**

It's about your rust ...

With the inflationary pressure surrounding the rapid rising of Ford cars in particular, the number of complaints received by the Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs in Ottawa this year has jumped from hundreds to thousands. All too often, the rating can't withstand inspection but always-by-law standards. Last month, Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Anthony Abbott sent a letter to the automobile manufacturers and the importers, asking them to meet him "at the policy level." In discussions of the corrosion issue, tentatively scheduled for mid-December, the meeting is intended to find out if the auto companies

can produce a reasonably priced car that can last 50,000 or even 100,000 miles without rusting, and if they can upgrade their warranties.

As things stand now, Ford is the only domestic manufacturer that provides a warranty specifically for winter salt. Blamed by the hospital pathology, which rapidly translated into a significant loss in sales, it has turned over a three-year warranty covering all its 1977 North-American built cars, as well as many more used and passenger treatment. Any rust-and-acid decay, except that associated with a car's exhaust system, will be patched up free of charge. Other domestic manufacturers maintain there's still little cause for concern—certainly no need for charges in their present warranties. Says one: "Most people in this country seem to accept that rust is inevitable. Ford's warranty is to cover a problem of its own making." If there is a will in all of us, the consumer says, it is the increasing use of winter salt—up 300% in the past 10 years, he notes—especially—with the result that cars last longer in Ontario than in Alberta, where salt is little used.

Abbott and his colleagues recognize that salt is a contributing factor but they reason that the road and weather conditions under which cars in Canada are driven are well known to the manufacturers and can easily be designed to meet those conditions. What is important is that the salt solution used should not be treated. Abbott says that "an essential part of the solution [to the rust problem] lies with the consumer." He is extremely distressed with the sniping bodywork warranties, emphasizing that he is "extremely concerned at the enormous losses suffered by consumers." But his department has no legal authority over the auto industry. He nor did he only say Abbott's letter to the companies is therefore gentle, stressing the need for cooperation.

If the companies will not admit to any responsibility, then the meeting will accomplish little. "I don't want to pre-judge it," says Phil Edmonson of the Automobile Protection Association. "But there's already an abundance of investigations, government, and an understanding of legislation." Abbott himself concedes that solutions are not going to be reached overnight, and suggests that after the initial meeting, the next step may be to form a "balance committee" that will study the problem further. Like the rest of itself, the rising number of complaints has shown that the problem will not just fade away of its own accord. **RICHARD PARKER**

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If government really wants business as a friend, it could start by showing a little respect

Business column by Peter Brimelow

Viewed from outside, Ottawa appears to be not so much a place to do business. On the one hand there is a certain New England town feel of Gothic models, where even the bars are apt to discover one morning while shoving a chair. It is slowly turning into a very poor Boston or Atlanta, everyone there is obsessed by the minister, the corporation and even the style of the civil service, and its political establishment. Since the business community has its own peculiar style, it is hardly surprising that the two groups don't get along too well. The Task Force on Business/Government Interface was set up to do something about this, in keeping with the "Total process of discussion, dialogue and consultation with all elements of Canadian society" seriously pursued in the government's post-controls working paper, *The Way Ahead*. Having discussed大陸化 the task force has now produced its report, copies of which have been walking around like instant fossils, waiting for the French translation to be finished. It's a remarkably clever document, a product of Ottawa at its best. But its ultimate effect is depressing, because no one can imagine how to solve the problem it lays bare.

The report is elegantly written by managing editor Alan MacLean, who is also the author of a recently published study of Canada's role in the oil sands intervention against the Saskatchewan revolution, *Canada vs. Asia: 1958-1977* (Montreal). His personal interviewing techniques won't be familiar to readers of *External Affairs*, *Munsey-Pergen* Ltd., and *Dreyfus & McArthur* (Montreal), but the 18 months of research and analysis, employing a framework of business interests and positions, the report deserves opposition in advance by judiciously discussing every possible hindrance to the perfect vision of business and government in Canada. From the conflicting interests of many industries to the fact that executives in Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal just don't run 100% cold servers socially, seeing them only when on special pilgrimages to Ottawa. Then it proceeds to make specific recommendations on how to "fix things." The relationship between the two sectors which offers a rather more lucid perspective. Chief among these is the formation of a Canada Business Relations Council as a key liaison point, a strengthening of the various business associations, increased exchange of personnel between the two sides and "representativeness." The adoption of free market solutions to various needs currently met by government intervention



But it's hard to be optimistic about their implementation. Even apart from the obvious paradox of soothing business' fear of bureaucracy by setting up yet another committee (which, with only a "small staff," each can absorb half that of the proposed Business Relations Council) is not easily compatible with the somewhat malevolent existence of many chief executives, probing for long hours among their papers and finally leaving their immediate desks empty for lunch. Although "representativeness" has apparently been discarded as culture in respect to opening up Air Canada's routes to competitive carriers—whether or not the report is directly relevant where specifically the point is being argued. The managing editor's laborious work of the government strengthened the classic example of turning the mole over to private enterprise can readily be imagined. And it's possible that there are good as well as bad reasons for the dichotomy in institutions, because of the differences in the two functions?

Actually, there are two problems involved in government-business relations. First, there is the coordination of information flows between the two as technical areas such as regulation, advice on foreign markets and so on. This probably could be improved by more liaison. But the second question, that of overall morale, is virtually intractable. For, in the end the reason business believes it's being pushed to the wall is that the government is nailing it to the wall. If it is government policy to allow the go-ahead will the distribution of wealth, patterns of investment, and a wide range of fiscal phenomena. No amount of consultation can hide this concern. All this can be debated in no degree. Since the present government believes it

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Education

Why Johnny can't read in Britain either

Over the well-intended bridges of English schools this month middle-class conversations are buzzing with informed approval of Labor Prime Minister Jim Callaghan. The reason: Callaghan has finally issued a statement that has made many parents—including those that “progressive” educational innovators of the 1960s—worry that a child in Britain's educational standards. Callaghan's blunt assertion that “children are to become useful members of society before they get back to attacking the three Rs”—reading, writing and arithmetic—evoked sighs of relief from Dover to Carlisle. One suburban mother, a social worker with socialist views on everything but education, confided: “I've been thinking this for years but was afraid to say so for fear of being thought not normal.”

It's unusual for a prime minister to deliver a major speech on education, but Callaghan, who is known about his own lack of formal schooling, the never attended university and whose grandfather has



Students during “language lab” at a Swiss school—a generation of “expensive people”

just been enrolled in a private school! has invited for tapping the popular mood. Uncertain about the direction of Britain's

education—both primary and secondary—has been building up for years, but critics—students—the so-called “black papers”—have generally been associated with socialist left-wing educationalists such as Lancaster's Rhoda Boyce, now an MP. Recently however, more impartial sources have suggested that something really may be rotten in the state of British schools.

As in Oregon, where Education Minister Thomas Wells recently announced plans to eliminate compulsory formals in provincial junior high schools, the chief villains have been the basic tools of Taylorism and rote learning. Children are going on to secondary “comprehensive” schools with lower reading skills than expected. The “new math” theory, aimed at understanding concepts rather than learning principles by rote, also is suspect. Colleges and employers often have to run remedial crash courses for dropouts before they are ready to pursue further studies or engineering apprenticeships. Only 40% of

those entering teacher training colleges have even an “O-level” (ordinary school leaving examination) matriculation. The national debate that Callaghan's speech sparked has already produced some disturbing evidence. A few examples:

- A Liverpool University team questioned 1,600 school dropouts and found one in 20 had a reading age of 10 or under, nearly one-third did hardly understand simple English sentences.
- Professor George Stentier of the University of Geneva, drawing comparisons with continental Europe, “Triviality is England, and sterility is France.” He has found among art students a positive pride in not being able to solve an equation—the standard of English of many 15- and 16-year-old dropouts is appalling. It is far below the standard in France and Germany.

• The head of a comprehensive school, writing in an education journal, said that only 12 of 240 11-year-olds entering his school could divide 6 into 30. Only eight could make a simple money calculation. • At least every six weeks a colleague focuses on “For you, I've been telling my students to make sure they know their tables. Even if it has to be done in the quiet without the examination knowing.”

The importance of schools seems to be taking a different tack, possibly much as in earlier eras. This year in William Tyndale Primary School in North London, when a number of teachers were suspended after parents pressed breakdown in learning and discipline, Callaghan's own speech was backed by a 10-page instruction from the education department that reflected considerable concern among experts. While acknowledging that informal methods of primary-school teaching can be brilliant in the hands of outstanding teachers, the instruction warned such methods advanced by the less able or inexperienced can be disastrous. An one educationalist wrote kids “shove around the sand and pass” while the learning of multiplication tables was actively discouraged. The department's memorandum was explicit: “The time a child spends in school is right for a corrective shift or repair.”

This view is now shared even by some of the practitioners of “open schools.” Says Henry Popham, head of an East London school that has been shaped by foreign visitors: “Our high levels of literacy are considerably lower now. It has been found that average teachers—and let's face it, they are the majority—teach far better and the children learn better in the traditional classroom setting.” Callaghan's memorandum also lambasted the schools’ council—a teacher body that governs councils and superintendents—for its “surprisingly political flavor.” Teachers themselves do not political influence in the classroom, saying that Marxist and Trotskyite militiamen in the National Union of Teachers affect only among Communists. But certainly the “young left” have some concerns

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taken the principles of child-centered education to extremes. One Tyndale teacher applied for a job with another school and argued that reading was a "middle-class concern." The working class do not read books, she argued, because there is no need for their children to suffer the rigors of having taught to read. She did not get the job. Such attitudes, with enormous Orwellian profits being kept in concealed insurance, are profoundly shocking to enlightened educators, aware that literacy proved a potent weapon of social change for the working classes.

To be fair, the issues are far from just educational experiment. With Britain at the nadir of its fortunes, it is plainly a luxury the country cannot afford. Callaghan himself has said there is no virtue in producing soundly well-adjusted people who are not equipped to find jobs. For the next few years he acknowledged, it is up to the unions to produce more pegs for round holes in industry—British as well as foreign.

At the same time, there's probably no substitute of restoring traditional standards of parents, teachers and other once-festive symbols of authority. Many unired, England has a healthy development. One East London teacher says the moment that a teacher is "teaching children to teach themselves rather than handing over a body of knowledge." We and many other teachers will stand against any attempt to impose a so-called "core curriculum," standardizing teaching of the three R's. But some local education authorities are already looking into that possibility.

The delicate and thankless task of starting educational gears is now in the hands of one of labor's brightest and most popular ministers: 46-year-old Shirley Williams an eloquent Oxford graduate whose father, Sir George Willis, taught political science at Montreal's McGill University in the late 1930s. Mrs. Williams is committed to inventing away what she calls the "master-and-slave" model of education. In her opinion, it has behaved like a society for decades, intent on an education system as private and public education. But she is sharply aware that that may be done by making state education better. Whatever the degree of decline in the current standard of British schooling, Mrs. Williams' appointment at perhaps the best assurance that something will shortly be done about it.

CAROL KENNEDY

The grand old man

Every August, it is Isaac Cather's habit to ask his employees whether they think he ought to retire. And every autumn, Cather's employees at Toronto's Community Hebrew Academy politely but firmly tell him they will not even consider the idea. So this year, as he has for 52 consecutive years, Isaac Cather, 74—one of the oldest teachers in the Ontario school system—is once again teaching civics students the finer points of high school math—in a way that

Côtes de Beaune, Maconnais, Chablis, Côtes d'Or, Bourgogne.

A clear view of Burgundy, from the cellar.

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Chablis Few wine-growing districts are as famous as this one. Its white wines are known for their pale colour and unforgettable aftertaste. Chablis Poulet Bouchard is a true ambassador, the perfect companion for fish and white meat. Also comes in the half-bottle. (Distributed by Featherton & Co. Ltd.)

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Beaune Another commune of the Côte de Beaune, it has been said that even the second vintage of Beaune wines are the wines of princes. These dark red wines, such as Poulet Pere & Fils Beaune Clos des Arceux, are full bodied, very smooth, and very affordable. (Distributed by Compton Wine Agents Ltd.)



Bourgogne Both the inhabitants, and the wines of Burgundy are considered warm, generous and extroverted. Bourgogne des Ursulines is a good example full-bodied, a rich red in colour. The ideal dinner wine, available at a very reasonable price. (Distributed by Hend & Charlton Inc.)

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Carter works on the premise that learning math in fifth grade is like climbing a mountain charged with energy and purpose—a rapid fire exchange of question and answer. Carter's enthusiasm for presenting geometry to his young charges was never arrived at by chance; he helped guide three generations of Ontario students back onto the right track. In contrast to the traditional approach of teaching math as a teacher-centered discipline, Carter's emphasis is rooted in the old-fashioned concept of discipline and respect. "Carter is a scholar and nothing brings respect from students more than mastery of a subject," says Jerry Rosenthal, principal of the Associated Hebrew School junior high. "Kids never skip his classes."

Collier often was so dry wit to create interest in school and the students respond to kind. One morning he accidentally overplayed and arrived late at the classroom. Peering through the glass, he saw one of his students quickly concluding the lesson from the blackboard. Pleased and surprised Collier strode in, only to be met with a smattering of taunting: "Your nose, plain!" Another student once constructed a four-foot high robot that exploded in by remote control on the last day of school and handed it to Collier; a thank-you note signed by the class.

The son of Italian immigrants, Corden was born in India, came to Canada 25 years ago and enrolled at McMaster University. During his practice-teaching days, his adjudications were so impressive by his standards, he was told that they should have been taught to him. In 1970, he was teaching at York University, and he had been teaching for 10 years before he became a full-time adjudicator. He has adjudicated at every competition of several Ontario high schools. Only last year did he relinquish the wind chairmanship at the Academy. Now, 10 granddaughters and two great-grandchildren later, Corden still prepares his lessons, instead of relying on old formulas. "A good teacher will keep on improving to find out what works best," he says. "The new ways? It's a long process for old ideas and it takes a good teacher to get new ones." ■

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Lifestyles

Keep on vanning: the once-lowlly truck as an objet d'art

They look like intergalactic spaceships clawed together—gleaming, hand-painted body bearing names such as Dennis Weaver, Tom MacLean, Walter Warner. Their windows contain the earth's life-support systems: color televisions high back seats, stereo headrests, quadraphonic sound systems, four-speed dashboards, well-stocked bars. Invariably, the owners' faces are young (under 35), tauri and tough; their eyes riveted on the pride of their lives—and one of the radio stations would hoot its numbers—the custom van. Conservative estimates say there are about 3,000 low-end load vans in the country, but the number is growing rapidly. Almost overnight, it seems, the once-lowlly delivery van has become a vehicle of unimagined splendor. A form of macho exhibitionism with legitimate subculture.

Like other Canadian quasi-phenomena, the origins of vanning are American, specifically California. In the late Sixties, surfers used vans to transport themselves and their boards to the beach. Eventually, the van became a personal statement, a flat that stuck and spread—propelled by van convenience shops and do-it-yourself accessory stores which now represent a \$10-billion industry in vanbacks.

The Lapeyre van is part of this subculture. Clockwise from top right: the driver's side with its custom-drawn interior view, including the bar that was built in the passenger's side, with two women in an act of lewdness; and finally, the artwork representing the television, from Bruce Lapeyre, Rankin's portfolio of



Ontario alone. In the past three years, vans have popped up in every Canadian province. Now what's happening is an ever-unfilled and colorful show window.

The summer customized van is aptly appropriately to be termed "having a big drink." But like most blues and hot rods, the van cult is not actively looking for trouble. "All they want to do is hang," Ed says. "They're nothing like a rock," says Dennis, designer painter Keith Wallace, a father of three. "You want to move a fridge? You got the van. You want to go camping? Got the van out. Hell, you can live in it, if you want." And some do. "I got tired of sleeping in a tent or looking for \$25-to-night mot-

els rooms," confesses Tom Milligan, 27, a London auto mechanic. "And vans are also a lot safer to drive. You're looking right over the cars and can see way down the road." Windsor body shop owner Frank Lapeyre, 36, painted a few vans while he was working as a van "in a very uncomfortable, tiny van." "It wasn't a kick to the car." Among other things, Lapeyre's "blue jet" boasts a wet sink and an illuminated wash basin.

Despite those handicaps, owners insist the van is superior to the ordinary car. "There's nothing like a van," says Dennis. "It's a van. You want to move a fridge? You got the van out. You want to go camping? Got the van out. Hell, you can live in it, if you want." And some do. "I got tired of sleeping in a tent or looking for \$25-to-night mot-



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money," says Lopez, grinning broadly. "It's your own."

Even more important visits lead to held the Canadian Grill. One 80,000 sq. ft. room 80,000 miles away was there—*for* \$3,500. Now Larry Taylor, head of a 17-year-old Red Deer, Alberta, "Canadian used to be in the dining room, but the sun's gone over." Another level semi-professional visitors go through about a year selling at a tidy profit and starting their scratch again. But it's scarcely no profit that motivates the live-wire: "It's being able to go on and create something that's your and your own idea," says Dennis Schuster, 34, a Regis television contractor. "Total of you come some ideas from a magazine it's all your own work. Out of that big, ugly box you've created something."

Meanwhile, the nation's commercialism trying to contend with the demand. Gies and Makos has increased production in Scarborough. One from 17 to 25 seats here. Ford of Canada is opening an enormous 100,000-sq.-ft. plant in Oshawa next spring; most of them destined for the U.S. market. Says one executive: "The visa revolution seems to be endless."

MICHAEL EYAL

Power in the half shell

It seemed to be a private luncheon like any other for John Turner. As usual he sat in the coolish shadows of alcove 94 at his reserved table and ordered his favorite meal—a maverick steak and a few tortoise shells. With his son Ben degrees nearby, Toronto Shipyards. Only later when the headlines broke would outsiders consider that they had been in Ottawa's Canadian Grill the day the 41-year minister astutely convened, in Shipyards that he was quoting the censors. As he flinched, he proved it by his very



The Canadian Grill in Ottawa, like all 300 eating houses in its network.

head above and walking up the hill to the Prime Minister's Office for the fateful meeting that led to his resignation.

Turner slumped in the banquette of the east-side Chateau Laurier hotel operated by Canadian National Railways, a division of the Parks and Public Buildings. The Canadian Grill has been the cradle of more than one historic meeting by Ottawa's power brokers. Here in secret meetings over meals, journalists hatchet scandals, brokers promote, parties and reputations last. Power brokers deal with power brokers. New Money is introduced to Old, and new brokers mingle with new brokers. It's like cabinet ministers, lobbyists, prime ministers, aides, influential business celebrities, political groups and ordinary people brokers, same and done. No other Canadian restaurant can claim such stellar patronage—the daily parade of walking talking heavyweights.

Antonio Pappagallo, 68, went his recent semi-retirement the Grill's "Captain Water" has seen them all. Tom the same everyone knows him by began as dishwasher in 1933. The year the Grill opened its original restaurant to the public. The Canadian Grill's waitstaff quickly rose to rank to become the Grill's most popular waiter. He recalls John Turner who came in twice or three times a week ("He was my favorite and I was his"). External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson ("I'm just like his brother"), former prime minister John Diefenbaker, who often dined with his wife, Alice, and where Tony remembers as a staunch defender of Ukraine's Myronovych of short at 3, and Douglas Follett, former National Capital Commission head and now a privy councilor. If I didn't see it, he wouldn't tell me,"

For those who can afford it—a lunchbox for two costs about \$25—measures of years gone by at the Grill have made a return. Jimmie Sharp remembers arriving during his first solo around the Grill's dance floor check-in-check-out Saturday nights in the 1950s when a complete dinner for two was less than \$10. Walter Baker Conservative House Leader, re-pedaling at the Grill a family tradition. His father ate there. Baker eats there. "It's a happy place, it's more like a club than my club," and now he takes his children there. "My wife says that if I had proposed to her I would have proposed on the Grill—though I despite her claim that I never proposed to her." Some suggest that Gordon Robeson, former clerk of the privy council and now cabinet secretary for federal-provincial relations, usually ate the public推崇的 others.

Since the Grill opened, every prime minister has eaten at least one meal there. R.B. Bennett, who lived in a seven-story suite at the Chateau during the Great Depression, was fond of horseradish baby clams (the chef's staffed to look like a rooster bird). Mackenzie King presided over wedding receptions there, though it is said he was a very light eater and a rock-a-drink. Louis St. Laurent ate there. John Diefenbaker still eats there, and Lester B. Pearson dined on oysters in the half-shell with his wife Marlene.

Todays prime ministers kings, queens and dignitaries have been mostly replaced by wealthy businessmen and high-ranking cabinet ministers. But history still is in the making at the Canadian Grill.

JULIANNE LAROCHE

Some people think the best parties are the ones they can't remember.

A lot of people who drink have been drunk at least once in their lives. But, if you're like most people, you don't enjoy getting drunk, being drunk, or the morning after. There's nothing clever about it, anyone can get drunk. All it takes is too much to drink. Yet, while you may say "never again," there are some people who think that getting loaded is what having a good time is all about.

They drink like a fool, so they can have the confidence to be one. And they rate people and events according to how much drinking is going on. "Look at old 'so and so' Boy can he handle his drink?" How often do you

hear someone say, "It was a great party, everyone got smashed"? It's like saying "getting drunk is a virtue." Or, "I can drink you under the table any day?" (So what if you can?)

It's that kind of thinking that helps cause approximately 40% of all traffic deaths in this country. People who drink this way think it's a weakness to admit they shouldn't drive. Not having several drinks over lunch makes them feel less important. Getting loaded makes them think they are more of a man, or woman. The trouble is, they're probably influencing others.

It's high time we told

these people they're wrong.

If we're going to tackle the drinking problem in this country, we must change these people's attitudes. Tell them they're out of line. Speak out against such attitudes and behaviour. Speaking out isn't easy. People don't like being told what they don't like to hear.

If you're not sure what to say, cut this out and think about it.

"Dialogue on drinking" is a program to encourage and help you to talk about the problem. If you have any specific comments, we'd like to hear from you. We believe that if enough people talk about the problem, we're that much closer to solving them.

Dialogue on drinking

An idea from



Health
and Welfare
Canada
Box 6666, Ottawa

Senate of
Canada
Box 6666, Ottawa

and your Provincial Government.



Medicine

You've had your checkup and everything's fine, right? Don't be too sure

Large margins that in order to maintain health we must prevent disease, and that this is best accomplished by eating balanced meals, exercising regularly—and see the doctor once a year for a checkup. This lecture, the annual physical, has been extensively promoted by physicians and media—especially accepted by patients as an effective means of maintaining health. *But it isn't.*

So wrote Dr. Richard Spark last July in *The New York Times Magazine*. Spark is associate clinical professor of medicine at Harvard who joined the teaching ranks of those who regard the annual checkup—complete with diagnostic blood tests (CBC and urinalysis)—as an empty ritual that serves little practical purpose and costs too much. His peers and others like him have switched off a better continuity in medical care short the value of preventive health exams for "well" individuals.

At first this seems perverse. We take our health more seriously. We eat well, exercise well, live well in California where death disease and disability rates in two groups were compared. Group A was aged to have an annual physical; group B was given no such encouragement. The survival differences were dramatic. Another study found that on about half (49%) of 350 recorded deaths doctors administering annual checkups were unable to detect the death-causing disease even when the exam was given in the six months before death. When a patient feels well, Spark argues physicians must rely on the diagnostic algorithm—otherwise known as the "stethoscope and reflex hammer"—to detect illness. As often as not, the stethoscope fails—partly because some tests are too crude to identify disease at an early stage. For example, among a group of more than 6,000 men given chest X-rays every six months for 10 years, 121 ultimately developed lung cancer. Despite immediate treatment, only 8% survived five years—the same survival rate of lung cancer victims treated after symptoms were apparent.

Even this discovery of pre-symptomatic disease, Spark argues, is no assurance for celebration. In a recent Utah study routine checkups saved up 490 abnormal notes—some 220 of which had not been discovered by family doctors in previous exams. But only 15% of these cases died the following physician's instant treatment.

Spark does admit that certain procedures—the Pap smear test for screens of the cervix, screening for hypertension, lipid test or of mammograms (breast X-ray)—can be useful. But generally the primary health exam is no guarantee that he



Checking up can help? I can't hurt.

patient is not already sick nor should an absence be dictated by early detection well preceding illness. "As complete as it may sound, most diseases can be detected only after symptom appear."

Spark is by no means alone in his attack.

"Some people use the annual medical as an excuse to examine bad health habits," notes Dr. Rodger Haesler, director of Toronto's St. George Health Centre. "If they get a clean bill of health, they consider it license to go smoking or overeating."

In defense of annual checkups for healthy family physicians observe that—like nearly all self—the person involved is undergoing medical transformation, moving today from rate screening and straightforward testing toward detection of one's epidemic patterns—cancer and cardiovascular disease. The new prevention paradigm may draw upon two sources: genetic propensity to genes, and environmental causes, but is psychosocial roots of disease and causing of a patient's medical biography. Applying the new paradigm to coronary heart disease, a University of Western Ontario medical team starts an approach factors: blood pressure, cholesterol, family smoking history (10%), and secondary clingers (behavioral, physical activity, stressors, etc.). From the results, the team uses provides a computer printout automatically defining one's coronary heart risk. Since it takes up to 20 years for someone to grow a mass detectable by X-ray, case finding may also be used to establish early warning risk especially among those with genetic predisposition.

Beyond such practical metrics, many doctors insist that an age of social class the family physician represents a psychiatrist

without a couch. Says Toronto's Dr. Bob Flissus: "Urban wisdom, the experience of marriage, the accrual of traditional ties are dominant negative forces that insure us at least intact within the present time frame." Doctors must not only diagnose, they must counsel. And the patient must recognize that the measurement of health is often the result of self-awareness and self-discipline. With this kind of attitudes one may still leave smoking, as one does. Updale claims done "judy and started his blood full of bubbles. His heart exploded by air or fleshed power to fasten and kept."

JAMES P. FERGUSON

Striking a blow for life

Earlier this fall, 40-year-old Michael At another zone, Tim Rettig suffered a heart attack on the ice. He recovered, of course—thanks in part to Mary Tyler Moore's knowledge of an increasingly popular but controversial life-saving technique. Since cardiopulmonary resuscitation, or CPR, usually taught precisely at the battlefield anti-airfield first aid, Rettig addition to clearing a victim's airways and providing mouth-to-mouth or mouth-to-nose resuscitation, CPR features the crucial step of arterial intubation designed to create a "holding point" and further treatment is available. Produced by external cardiac compression—the rhythmic



application of manual pressure over the lower half of the bronchotracheal cartilages in both lungs for brief pumping and fresh blood to the heart—thus avoiding the irreversible damage that occurs if oxygen stops reaching heart cells.

"Normally heart stops," says Montreal cardiologist Dr. Jean Lemire. "I don't think it would be a bad idea if every adult could apply CPR." To confirm the technique's effectiveness, Lemire cites a 15-year Royal Victoria Hospital study on 1,294 patients who were resuscitated after apparent death. Among 230 survivors, more than half (51%) were still alive after three years—far longer than anyone who had gone from before. More seriously attempts to revive out-of-hospital cardiac arrests yielded similar results.

But CPR has its share of detractors, at just because of the procedure's therapy—literally a whack on the chest—that forces a doctor to adjust to the basic procedure. Says Dr. Alfred Gottschall, a Toronto orthopaedic surgeon, "CPR can be a dangerous toy if improperly applied, it can fracture living tissue, break ribs, puncture lungs and cause internal bleeding." Warning name Eleanor Walker, director of Montreal's Heart Alert program, says CPR "is too complicated for use by the general public"—and blames the media for promoting the notion that it is easy to learn and apply. While nice, for example, that Mary Tyler Moore might have skipped a training class she refused to tilt back Ted Rettig's head to form an arch and thus prevent his tongue from obstructing airways at the back of the throat. In a recent *ER* episode, a doctor rashly delivered more than 100 procedural slaps to revive his dying wife. Only one or two slaps are recommended.

Nevertheless, the Canadian Heart Foundation is now developing an easy

Administering cardiopulmonary resuscitation the breath and press of life



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Television

Say: "I don't believe in Newley and Bricusse." Maybe they'll fall down dead.

Every year as Christmas approaches the television networks drop down an educational character—an instrument of gaily wrapped bundles. As if we'll have our annual visit from Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Charlie Brown and Ebenezer Scrooge. We'll have holiday extravaganza featuring Bing Crosby, George Burns and the music of Richard Rodgers. Without doubt, however, the most widely awaited show of the holiday season is NBC's lively remake of *Peter Pan*, with Mia Farrow as the orphaned hero who will not grow up. Mary Martin was appearing in a moderately successful Broadway musical version of James Barrie's *Pan* play in 1933 when she decided to do it on television. *See The Wizard Of Oz*, the show was one of those rare cases of a children's treat that captured adult audiences as well.

It was so popular that the show was repeated live in 1956, and then there was a taped version in 1960 which was shown four times, most recently in 1973. Despite its legendary success, Mary Martin has suddenly dropped her songs and flown off to Mexico to attend the last days of the funeral of the new version of *Pan*—on December 13, the old *Pan* plays local permanently retired. Even if that's the case, who better than Mary Martin to close out a chapter or two? It won't bring her back to the studio at all. "The original was excellent for its period," says William Shatner, star's director of special programs, "but we felt it could stand updating."

Technically the standards of tv production have changed over the past 15 years in such matters as sets, editing and camera equipment. Once the decision had been made to do it over, star and *Law & Order*'s Steven Bochco (who co-produced the new

show) in England decided to throw out the old material and commission a completely new score by Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse—and that's where they made their big mistake.

Mia Farrow, who has to sing much of it, has always had an ethereal, androgynous声调 and her wistful quality makes her peculiarly suited to play a motherless boy. She hasn't been required to sing before but she bravely decided to have herself discreetly dubbed by Maria Nixon, who specializes in anonymous warbling for movie stars who can't sing. Farrow proves to have a thin but pleasant voice that sounds like a perfect extension of her screen personality. The problem is not her singing but what she has been doing—practicing such duds such as You Can Fly, The Answer With You and Growing Up. Farrow doesn't come on like a strong personality but she must have a hidden survivor quality. Her appeal won't emanate by the shower all around her in The Great Gatsby. And since there is no spirit of magic that would kill the spark in her other trooper.

As Captain Hook, the role originally taken by Cyril Ritchard, Danny Kaye goes by with his accustomed panache. He's a bit less showy than the original, a bit more famous another than Ray Walston, but at *Dance, Fools, Dance* Kaye keeps on tap the ability of being truly mischievous. In a specialty of light-fingeredness and light-headedness that will the audience to take delight in his foolishness. The villainy of that Captain Hook won't scare even very young children—it's as cheerfully horrid as the brightly colored paper-mâché crocodile colloquially known here as "the crock."

The new *Peter Pan* has so much going for it—talented performers, clear production values and English accents as authentic as the silicon tones of effervescent narrator Sir John Gielgud—that it's a pity why the producers decided it with Bricusse and Newley, those deadly masters of Muzak banality. Did they seriously expect the show to sake off with songs by the man who between them have inflicted on mankind the scores of *The Knick Of The Greenigoat*, *Sophie's World* (I Wish I'd Get Off That Chair), *My Clues* and *Scrooge*? It could have been predicted that Bricusse's whimsical conceits would bring out the worst in Bricusse and Newley, and the stumbling wobbles never cease. With such a score as this one the come-on monster of the day isn't the only crock in this *Peter Pan*.

Season's greetings

Melvyn Douglas, that veteran American actor with the white hair, pained face and broken voice, has become something of a specialist at playing crusty old men, most memorably the mean version of *J. Neurotic: Search For My Father*. In Gordon Parks' Christmas classic *A Gift To Earth* (CBS, December 15) Douglas doesn't act as a Scrooge-like Canadian grandfather, instead he's playing the fatherly clogger fig.

Parker's year resolves the antagonism between two generations of one family living in the same house through a flashback to a bittersweet Victorian Christmas from the old man's childhood. The same old man who stays firmly sleep from his own past to future occasions had trouble, we discover, communicating with his own father (Alan Alda)—especially on our irascible birthday while he was required to wear a dress and play the Virgin Mary in a family pageant. The city is saved by a fireman, understanding son, played by Present Tense's in a broody mixture and grandad's unforgiving.

Like Present's *The Runaway*, this long-winded drama tries to cover up with charm and gauze what it lacks in dramatic complexity, and the rays-of-the-sunlike Noddie keeps right beaming on the picture. But director Stephen Herek gets a拿捏 performance out of Mack Taylor as the young Douglas, and in its own simple-mindedness, *A Gift To Earth* has a good feelin' about it. At the end, as O Henry-ish real will probably make you cry and leave you feeling like a fool for being vulnerable to such a corny little television play.

MARTIN KIRKHAM



Farrow and Kaye: do you believe in remakes? If you believe, sing your hearts

Books

Bless the beasts and children

For children every Christmas there are picture books, stories and allegories, the best of them imaginatively conceived and presented. But this year there is a distinctive, subtle change in children's books. The alternative lasts less longer than in years past, the artwork is less sentimental. Though over, bags, puppets and cartoon comic favoritism this year's drawing down also stir dislocated concern. In the illustrations their backs are cracked, and they are there in the flesh if they're provoked. What follows is a celebration of some of the year's most interesting, least sheepish gifts.

For the seven-to-nine-year-olds books about animals

The *Troll-Bluf* (Donald, \$7.95) by Lars and Edgar Peters d'Andurier has been writing and drawing Norwegian trolls for almost half a century. A giant choker of a bear, the bear and friends, the bear and fox, the bear and his mate have made it in the end. This picture book has much as all the d'Andurier books do, shot with animation in color and readers black and white. The lithographs are cheerful, and the rhythmic is presented as a delightful fantasy.

An companion, *The Forest of Chacanga Island* (Donald, \$7.95), story and art by Harry Takemoto, is about peace. On an island in spring, an old couple adopt a fox cub, nurture her. Then leave her wife for family for the winter. But man and soldiers arrive on the island with the winter. Gradually they threat the foxes, finally they trap the cat. When the old couple return to the island after the war, foxes are blooming in return. Bitter. Plenty here for parents: the book is a moving statement of violence.

Man is the hero when he's true to his purpose so lower creation. Man is the enemy when he's not. *Cossack Cradle* (Collins, \$7.95) deals with the memory



skirted, swifly and suddenly or various that are exactly what the enemy deserves. A cossack leads about a cossack store in Paris. He travels from Egypt up the Champs Elysées only to discover he's the commodity, not the customer. What can a spy do? Why, swallow a lady and return to Egypt with her French perfume, wifing out of his mouth across the Nile. *Cossack Cradle* is a cheeky plus for an audience of equal age, originally rhymed by Peter Nudt, charmingly translated by Eileen Collier a Cossack and hauntingly illustrated by Lucia Schnader.

Alfagren introduce young readers to

the concept of the orchestra in

Alfagren

And

Music

(Macmillan, \$10.15) by Donald

Eilon, with Clinton Arrowood, finding them in us and us. Obsessed as 18th-century puritans, they play zanizuma, and each instrument talks about its use. The result is movement and whimsy, and a plus was to learn about harpsichord.



extraordinary egg in she stinks the Bluebird, who is about to lay. The egg is hatched in capriole, releasing a company of midnight sprouts. Kat rescues them. Dashed and all, since he is the only one truly suited to the task, Kat becomes the Bluebird. The book works perfectly in an Edwardian Marinette-one of the first to lead a hen half-sift into a hen, if a cat can so dramatically improve her orange, matinal, can surely follow.

For the 10-to-12-year-olds books about brothers and friends introducing children to the way of becoming adults.

A *Fuse* (Lagomart, Canada, \$12.25) is a vision of tenderness and the home of Carl Larsson, a Swedish artist who captured in rural plenitude in luminous paintings toward the turn of the century. This book is definitely for an audience known and will all fit a need for the historically curious as well. Unfortunately Larsson Radstrom's text, fast and dry, cannot compete with the eloquence of Larsson's scenes. Fortunately Larsson's work, a visual record of peasant innocence, says everything for Radstrom, about life as it ought to be.



NO WONDER PEOPLE STAY WITH BONDED STOCK

An advertisement for Bonded Stock Canadian Pipe Whisky. The central focus is a bottle of the product, which has a label featuring a crest and the text "Bonded Stock Canadian Pipe Whisky". Surrounding the bottle are several glasses filled with whisky and ice cubes. In the background, a wooden bookshelf is filled with numerous books, suggesting a library or study environment. The lighting is warm and focused on the product and glasses.

Its good quality and full bodied taste are easy to get along with.
(Along with ice, cola, ginger, water, Harry, Sue, Bill.)



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And wisdom is. Life is merely a struggle and there. Words and cities everywhere. The *Wander People* (McCllland and Stewart, \$7.95), by Calgary author Myra Pajerski, is a novel about isolation about the effects on four children of moving constantly, about their loss of security and their recovery of identity through passage. Through their puppet houses, the children make real their need for home and home to belong.

The present is simple, location and orientation of shelter. This is also the message *Murder Santa* conveys in a December Tale (Doubleday, \$3.75) which takes a fierce look at alienation of a family, almost disastrous kind. Unwanted by mother or father, a little girl of 10 has been a 4-year-old who lives in an illusion of Jesus of Nazareth because she has a touch of the poet she finds it. Eventually she struggles to realize Jesus and achieves a reality that has given her nothing but pain. Reality is what the young poet is anxious to accomplish in a few years. They may prefer to forget, returning to fantasy.

Is any synthesis of fact and fancy possible? Perhaps for rice soups who are unusually well balanced. George Eliot must have been one, in her appearance in Louisa Gledhill's *Af or Af* (Dutton, \$8.25), an unusual children's biography which deals with an unusual heroine. Not a soldier, minister, nor patient, the 19th-century author of *Middlemarch* and *Silas Marner* is shown bairling convalescence with a cold, ungrateful family to live with the maid she loves, nowise as she may. To be equal to a wren's chirpiness it's only fitting that a book about a novelist should incorporate the writer's own words. In growing up George Eliot's life is a profile in courage and her treatment of it, with grace without condescension, is recommended for the whole family. MARILYN FORRELL

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- 3. *Tropic, Utley* (4)
- 4. *Touch Not the Cat, Stewart* (3)
- 5. *Sebastopol, Norton* (2)
- 6. *First Love, Last Rites, Hesse* (7)
- 7. *Siegfried, Volpi* (8)
- 8. *The Doctor's Wife, Moore* (4)
- 9. *The Navigator, West* (2)
- 10. *The Lady Luck, Robbins*

- NONFICTION
- 1. *A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson* (2)
- 2. *Baroness Friends*
- 3. *The McLean Film Board of Canada* (2)
- 4. *My Country, Stetson* (2)
- 5. *Passages, Shostak* (3)
- 6. *Roots, Wiley* (3)
- 7. *True Encounters, Zorn* (2)
- 8. *One Captain, Volume 2, Davis* (2)
- 9. *Viewpoint Fly, Jervis* (3)
- 10. *Recall, DeMille*
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In the world of politics, one man stands head and shoulders below the rest—John Reynolds

Column by Allan Fotheringham

There are, at appropriate intervals, periods of peace keeping upon certain individuals in Ottawa who are destined the epitome of all that parliamentary trumpery stands for. Whether it is God, Justice or Gordon Pinsent or perhaps Stanley Knowles, the encyclopedic are blotted out to seize all the startling qualities emanating from an otherwise uninteresting in the setting. There are a few exceptions and they deserve to be recognized.

Moving, however, as a compilation of the worst sort, the most contemptuous who is at once being persecuted for the act of how to be absolutely ethically polluted. I have no doubt, a man will hold up and defend to the death his own name for the definitive lightweight Member of Parliament. Voters! I give you handsome John Reynolds, the one edition was left behind the road, here's the real result:



He has the amorous spirit of a James Bond. Discreetly press critics attempt to turn us on to his qualities in order only to find he has lied for subplots, taking off on yet another one-day cruise. Many Scandinavians is killed without pecuniarity." Reynolds is far off Ottawa suddenly has evidence that 15 besieged were forced to drink "matured doses" of a hygienic drug. How does he know? He can't sing "Documentum" Whoops! This morning's paper and another more How and Hajian in the news? Reynolds is suddenly the champion of a shoddy Hughie who is in his riding and class the C's is trying on less and never waste their words looking for the illegal "cigar" and conclude the whole thing may be a booby.

Wherever there is a fast self of privilege Reynolds is there in a blazer like a bloodhound costing one million. The thought of a French TV station in Vietnam (he only keeps raising in the national network) of course inflamed the Reynolds psyche. He took out ads in the

papers, collected 16,000 signatures against the station and was prominent at the CBC hearings, where he argued in a Case for a Day. Hungry? The decision of the Commons is not good enough. Reynolds now wants a referendum. In 1980 when all parts in Ottawa oppose René Lévesque's plan to hold a referendum, The Free Quebec movement and Quebecers had forced Reynolds, by changing into the part, may have accidentally triggered that summer's riot that caused one million dollars in damage.

The most hideous incident is the short center of this overreacher was when he viewed himself as a future prime minister. The 19 election will still warm the right. Robert Stanfield lost the 1979 election when Reynolds was announcing that the party needed a leader, one more of the right wing. His enthusiasm may have been connected with the fact that Stanfield, no fan of the Reynolds-Woodcock brush-offs, kept him so far back on the back benches he sipped coffee, brooded the evenings and he almost suffered a severe attack of the night. At any rate, early in 1979—more than a year before Stanfield was to step down—Reynolds became the last candidate in the field, announcing a \$100-a-plate dinner for himself in the Hotel Victoria chaired by a crusty Australian ex-captain turned distillery owner and a former hunting judge. When the 1,000 plates were given away, it became the 50th birthday of his son and Canada lost another potential at St. Paul's Drive.

There have been further embarrassments. There was, for instance, that curious trip to Washington state to meet Senator George Mitchell when Reynolds failed to support any U.S. retaliatory legislation against Ottawa's Bill C-58 which ends his contentious for Canadian firms advertising in the United States. Noting the Reynolds quote that "most Canadians would support my American moves to strengthen our government." The Foreign Minister audaciously nominated him for president of the year.

Handsome John in fact may be ideal for political politics. He has so shone. His impossible to insult him since he shied off glorified in the next session come, prof at first two radio clips and the video edition. It could be that there is some basic wisdom in the political slogan of men of shallow pretension to baffle across the surface of public affairs like skipping stone. The next time you hear all those speak at dinner clubs ramble about the game think of the Lippeau.

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